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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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AN ILLUSTRATION BY DONALD MACKAY FOR THE RANDOM HOUSE EDITION OF "THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER."

The Not Impossible He

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be.

ONE quality has been so often profaned by critics that any lover of literature must needs write cautiously nowadays lest he further profane it. Yet enthusiasm is a fine, sturdy virtue that rendered dynamic by discrimination can work wonders—perhaps even so great a wonder as to make reading an excitement to Tom, Dick, and Harry. We make our plea for the kind of enthusiasm that vents itself not in superlatives nor even in painstaking analyses but in disclosing the high adventure that lies in reading. To those who love books a novel, or a biography, or a volume of verse, or any print between two covers is always an adventure, possible of disastrous development, to be sure, but leading perhaps into fields of enchantment. Books are fun, fun of the grandest sort, that has the invaluable quality of not evaporating with the moment but of being secure of perpetuation. They are undiscovered country to whole hordes of people who might become most devout in their patriotism if only the nimbus enwrapt about the printed page could be torn aside to reveal its homely attractions. We need misisonaries to the unreading masses who shall preach books not as the means to enlightenment, or instruction, or elevation, but as sheer enjoyment.

It is no easy task thus to spread the gospel. For the kind of enthusiasm that is electric with sincerity, that discharges a spark and sets up a current of appreciation, is the rarest possession of the critic. And it is the critic who must do this job of infecting the many with the delight which is so profoundly his own in reading. It must be the critic, for it must be some lover of books with sufficient knowledge and discrimination not to betray his converts by ignorant, or supercilious, or fulsome appraisal. But it must be the critic who is first eager, and then dispassionate, and never pontifical, to whom reading is an emotion, a gusto, a surge of delight that renders him aquiver to communicate his elation and zealous never to misrepresent it.

In the "unreading masses" amongst whom we would have these critics crusade we include not only the near-illiterate, and the near-literate, and the averagely educated, but the so-called cultured. We include the person who turns never a hair at paying a fancy price for an evening's entertainment at the theatre but thinks there's not enough fun to be got out of reading to dictate the spending of a lesser sum for the purchase of a book.

We think the critic would effect something to win this reader if he shillyshallied less with his own opinions, and if he clearly reflected the experience as well as the impressions of reading. In other words, if he conveyed the impact as well as the nature of a book. And lest by that we should be supposed to be reducing criticism to the purely subjective, we hasten to add that we think of all abominations the worst is that critic who exploits himself rather than reveals his subject. He certainly is not the critic who will ever make reading appear exciting or fascinating. That critic is the one to whom reading is so profoundly exhilarating that his book possesses him to the exclusion of every thought beside itself and fills him with zeal to communicate its delights to others. That critic, as candor compelled us to admit before, is the rarest of creatures. Which is the worst of pities for those who would see the apathy for reading vanish.

The Mask

By HELEN HAIMAN JOSEPH

ALWAYS a mask
Held in a slim hand, whitely,
Always she had a mask before her face,—
Smiling and sprightly,
The mask.

Truly the wrist
Holding it lightly
Fitted the task:
Sometimes however
Was there a shiver,
Fingertip quiver,
Ever so slightly,—
Holding the mask?

For years and years and years I wondered
But dared not ask.

And then—
I blundered,
I looked behind,
Behind the mask,
To find
Nothing—
She had no face.

She had become
Merely a hand
Holding a mask
With grace.

*Tom, Huck, and America**

By BERNARD DE VOTO

THE sun shines on Tom's St. Petersburg. The simplest description of his book is this: the supreme American idyll. It is also an idyll of boyhood; such incidents as the whitewashing of the fence are, like a familiar landscape, so intimate to our experience that their importance is easily forgotten. Yet, even in the century that brought childhood to the attention of literature, it had no other expression quite so true. Tom Sawyer's morality, his religion, his black avengers, his rituals and tabus, his expeditions for glory or adventure, his trafficking with buried treasure, his exaltation, his very terror—are, for childhood, immortal. That fact carries its own weight: whatever achievement resides in writing a book eternally true about children, a book so expressive of them that they accept it as themselves, is Mark Twain's achievement. Yet these are American boys, and the book they live in has a validity beyond their presence for the nation to which they are native.

For in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" exists, as nowhere else, the since polluted loveliness of a continent. That it is now defiled, that successive generations have seen the assault on natural beauty made more effective, gives this embodiment of it a greater evocation, a greater nostalgia, for the inheritors of wasteland. Americans would not have kept its innumerable editions streaming from the press unless it expressed some emotion and satisfied some need at the very taproot of American life. One need not venture very far into mysticism, or into history or literature, to find that fundamental reality. In whatever mood of poetry or psychological curiosity one examines the passage upland from the Atlantic, with whatever instrument of precision one tries to test its nature, one at once perceives that the symbolism of the Westward journey is tremendous. It has given the commonplace word "frontier" a meaning for the Americans that it has had for no other people. Inseparable from that meaning and immediate in the symbolism, is the beauty of the land across which the journey passed. Whatever else the word means, it has also meant water flowing in clear rivers, a countryside under clear sun or snow, woods, prairies, and mountains of simple loveliness. It is not necessary to think the literature of America a very noble literature in order to recognize the fact that one of its principal occupations has been the celebration of that beauty. Layer after layer of experience or frustration may come between, but at the very base of the American mind an undespoiled country lies open to the sun.

St. Petersburg stands between the untouched forest and the endlessly flowing river—symbols in which every American will find what import he may, but all of us will find some import. That still, blue shadow and that movement underlie passion, desire, and fantasy: they are the landscape as truly of our sleep, as, now that they are mostly vanished, of our reverie. So much, hesitantly, for what happens below the threshold when Tom Sawyer goes down the far slope of Cardiff Hill into forest, or at midnight shoves a raft into the Mississippi bound for Jackson's Island. Above the threshold, there is a drowsy town in a season that is always summer. Time, with the westward journey, has halted. For this moment, between forest and river, America is gracious and kind. Between those immensities the village is untroubled. It gossips around the pump or lounges a Sunday morning away at church, exalted only by temperance parades or the fantastic Benton's oration on the Fourth of July, vivified only by the steamboats that tie up to its wharves. Nothing touches this serenity. The steamboats bring pageantry, not pressure, from the world outside. The village is ignorant of that world——which is hardly a rumor, hardly a dream. Life is unhurried amidst this simple plenty of the folk.

If detachment can be tender, then Mark's is when he deals with these folk. He was as aware of Aunt Polly as any one who has come after him. The sum of pettiness is in the notabilities of St. Petersburg or in the concerns of the Sunday school—and yet they are affirmed to be a part of this enduring peace. They are disarming. They compose the living town through which the boy's enchantment makes its way, over which the cloud shadows drift toward Cardiff Hill. They are recognized as a necessary condition of the idyll that is Tom Sawyer's summer.

The pastoral landscape, however, is a part not of cloudland but of America. It is capable of violence and terror. The episodes at the core revolve around body-snatching, murder, robbery, and revenge. The term melodrama must be here used with caution. The lore of buried treasure, specifically the loot of John A. Murrell's clan, was a daily possession of the villagers. Half-breeds were common to their experience and, being of the dispossessed, were charged with crime as a matter of course—and some accuracy. Revenge, a motive of infrequent validity for most people, was axiomatic in the Indian nature. When Injun Joe addresses Doctor Robinson across the blanketed corpse and

* The following article will constitute part of a chapter to appear in Mr. De Voto's "Mark Twain's America," shortly to be published by Little, Brown & Co.

This Week

"THE WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON."
Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN.

"BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD."
Reviewed by HENRY TRACY.

"BOYCOTTS AND PEACE."
Reviewed by GEORGE SOULE.

"BIG BUSINESS."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"A GOOD MAN'S LOVE."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

"SAINT SATURNIN."
Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS.

"NIGHT-FLIGHT."
Reviewed by FRANK E. HILL.

"LARK ASCENDING."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"A HISTORY OF AMERICAN ECONOMIC LIFE."
Reviewed by CHARLES A. BEARD.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

THE CHINESE NOVEL.

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alludes to an affront put upon him, his language comes close to the thrillers of the itinerant stage, but his emotions are genuine. Nor, to boys whom slaves had instructed in darkness, was there anything unreasonable in the powers exerted in graveyards by ghosts or witches. The idyll is fulfilled in terms that belong uniquely to itself: its native horror is part of its ecstasy.

These belong to the multitudes that Mark Twain contains—that find expression through him. It is wise to remember that they are multitudes. Behind these white men and Negroes is the history of a race. Whether Muff Potter remembers the good fishin'-places he has shown to boys or Mr. Dobbins studies anatomy with the vision of practising medicine, something speaks from the native soul. In the terrors that afflict the boys, quite as much as in the beauty that solaces them, are recorded generations who travelled darkness in the fear of the unseen. Engraftments from Africa, England, and the Apocalypse are part of the American experience here, as nowhere else, given existence in literature. Tom and Huck, shuddering in the moonlight when a dog's howl is the presage of death, are carriers of truth struck from a whole population. The dark world of the slaves has made this gift. Yet Tom and Huck are merely actors in the foreground, behind whom the frontier community lives. There is no fumbling. The community is true.

There is that particular kind of truth. Sometimes literature forms out of the flux something realized to be a whole truth about a time or a people. Whether this literature shall or shall not be called art must depend on the caprice of its assayer: whatever else it is, it is finality. The St. Petersburg of Tom Sawyer is a final embodiment of an American experience many layers deep, from the surface to whatever depths one may care to examine, each layer true. What finds expression here is an America which every
rs to be thus finally transmuted
ature, which every one knows
since Mark Twain had existence
d never will again. In the presence of such a finality, technical defects, here freely acknowledged, are trivialities. It does not matter much that some of the artist's inventions are weak, that some of the situations and dialogue fail rather dismally, or that, by some canon of abstract form, the book lacks a perfect adjustment of part to part. It does matter that here something formed from America lives as it lives nowhere else.

It matters, too, that the boys and villagers of this landscape not only contain an age in which the nation shared but also record and evoke emotion unattached to that age. It is injudicious to examine the idea of universality in literature, for that also is a phrase which means merely what any critic uses it to mean. Still, Tom and Huck have been universal in this: that for half a century their adventures have fed the hunger of millions. Whether cowering in the shadows by an open grave or swimming at daybreak off Jackson's Island or digging for treasure near the haunted house, they have had authority over the belief of readers—over an audience probably more varied and widespread than any other American has addressed. On the authority of a poet whom Washoe told to hold his yawp it is asserted that a boy's will is the wind's will and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts—where else have they had a tongue? Whitewashing a fence, prodding a tick with a pin, or dying in the greenwood to rhythms from the border balladry, Tom speaks as competently for his millions as in passages that go deeper into the untranslatable. Into that obscurity it is not necessary to follow him. He accompanies Huck Finn to the graveyard; he is not quite sane at night, remembering that horror; he swims the Mississippi on an errand; he wanders through a cave from which he can find no way into the light. During more than fifty years his summer has had, over the world, a necessity that belongs only to what is great in literature. It seems something more than unlikely that he will lose, hereafter, any of that necessity.

The title, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," announces the structure: a picaresque novel concerned with the adventures of Huckleberry Finn. The form is the one most native to Mark Twain and so best adapted to his use. No more than Huck and the river's motion gives continuity to a series of episodes which are in essence only developed anecdotes. They originate in the tradition of newspaper humor, but the once uncomplicated form becomes here the instrument of great fiction. The lineage goes back to a native art; the novel derives from the folk and embodies their mode of thought more purely and more completely than any other ever written. The life of the southwestern frontier was umbilical to the mind of Mark Twain. The blood and tissue of "Huckleberry Finn" have been formed in no other way. That life here finds issue more memorably than it has anywhere else, and since the frontier is a phase through which most of the nation has passed, the book comes nearer than any other to identity with the national life. The gigantic amorphousness of our past makes impossible, or merely idle, any attempt to fix in the form of idea the meaning of nationality. But more truly with "Huckleberry Finn" than with any other book, inquiry may satisfy itself: here is America.

The book has the fecundity, the multiciplicity, of genius. It is the story of a wandering—so provocative a symbol that it moved Rudyard Kipling to discover another sagacious boy beneath a cannon and conduct him down an endless road, an enterprise that enormously fell short of its model. It is a passage through the structure of the nation. It is an exploration of the human race, whose adjective needs no explicit recording. It is an adventure of pageantry, horror, loveliness, and the tropisms of the mind. It is the faring-forth with inexhaustible delight through the variety of America. It is the restlessness of the young democracy borne southward on the river—the energy, the lawlessness, the groping ardor of the flux perfectly comprehended in a fragment of lumber raft drifting on the June flood. In a worn phrase—it is God's plenty.

The arrival of Huck's father lifts the narrative from the occupations of boyhood to as mature intelligence as fiction has anywhere. The new interest begins on a major chord, for old man Finn is the perfect portrait of the squatter. Behind him are the observations of hundreds of anonymous or forgotten realists who essayed to present the clay eaters or piney-woods people, as well as a lifelong interest of Mark Twain's. It is amazing how few pages of type he occupies; the effect is as of a prolonged, minute analysis. There is no analysis; a clear light is focused on him and the dispassionate, final knowledge of his creator permits him to reveal himself. We learn of him only that he had heard about Huck's money "away down the river," but a complete biography shines through his speech. This rises to the drunken monologue about a government that can't take a-hold of a prowling, thieving, white-shirted free nigger. The old man subsides to an attack of snakes, is heard rowing his skiff in darkness, and then is just a frowsy corpse, shot in the back, which drifts downstream with the flood.

Something exquisite and delicate went into that creation—as into the casuals of the riverside. Mrs. Judith Loftus is employed to start Huck and Jim upon their voyage. She is just a device, but she outtops a hundred-odd patient attempts of fiction to sketch the pioneer wife. In her shrewdness, curiosity, initiative, and brusque humanity one reads an entire history. Mere allusions—the ferryboat owner, the oarsmen who flee from smallpox, even raftsmen heard joking in the dark—have an incomparable authenticity. There is also the crowd. The loafers of Brickville whittle under the store fronts. They set a dog upon a sow that has "wholloped" herself right down in the way and "laugh and look grateful for the noise." Presently a bubble rises through this human mire: the drunken Boggs, the best-naturedest old fool in Arkansaw, comes riding into Brickville, on the war-path. Colonel Sherburn finds it necessary to shoot him; and then, in one of the most blinding flashlights in all fiction, a "long, lanky man, with long hair and a big, white fur stovepipe hat on the back of his head" rehearses the murder. "The people that had seen the thing said he done it perfect." So Buck Harkness leads a mob to Sherburn's house for a lynching, but the Colonel breaks up the mob with a speech in which contempt effervesces like red nitric.

But in such passages as this, the clearly seen individuals merge into something greater, a social whole, a civilization, seen just as clearly. Pokeville, where the King is converted at the campmeeting, Brickville, and the town below the P'int where a tanner has died, are one with Dawson's Landing and Napoleon—but more concentrated and thereby more final. It seems unnecessary to linger in consideration of this society. At the time of its appearance in 1885 a number of other novelists, perhaps fecundated by "The Gilded Age," were considering similar themes. The name of any one of them—Charles Egbert Craddock or Mary E. Wilkins or Edward Eggleston will do—is enough to distinguish honest talent from genius. The impulse weakened under the estheticism of the 'Nineties, and it was not till after the World War that the countryside again received consideration in these terms. To set Brickville against Gopher Prairie or Winesburg is to perceive at once the finality of Mark Twain. The long, lanky man in a white stovepipe hat who rehearses the death of Boggs has recorded this society with an unemotional certainty beside which either Mr. Lewis's anger or Mr. Anderson's misery seems a transitory hysterics. . . .

The differentiation of the speech these people use is so subtly done that Mark had to defend himself against an accusation of carelessness. He did not want readers to "suppose that all these characters were trying to talk alike and not succeeding." Superlatives are accurate once more: no equal sensitiveness to American speech has ever been brought to fiction. But a triumph in dialect is after all one of the smaller triumphs of novel writing, and the important thing to be observed about Huckleberry's speech is its achievement in making the vernacular a perfect instrument for all the necessities of fiction. Like Melville, Mark Twain could write empty rhetoric enough when the mood was on him, and the set pieces of description in the travel books are as trying as the McGuffey selections which may have influenced them, while a willingness to let tears flow menaces a good many effects elsewhere. Yet his writing is never mediocre and is mostly, even in the least pretentious efforts, a formidable strength. Beginning with "Life on the Mississippi," it becomes, as Mr. Ford has remarked, one of the great styles of English literature. No analysis need be made here: its basis is simplicity, adaptability, an intimate liaison with the senses, and fidelity to the idioms of speech. Against the assertions of criticism, it should be remembered that such a style is not developed inattentively, nor are infants born with one by God's providence. Mark's lifelong pleasure in the peculiarities of language, which has distressed commentators, was the interest of any artist in his tools. . . . The successful use of an American vernacular as the sole prose medium of a masterpiece is a triumph in technique. Such attempts have been common in two and a half centuries of English fiction, but no other attempt on the highest level has succeeded. In this respect, too, "Huckleberry Finn" is unique. Patently, American literature has nothing to compare with it. Huck's language is a sensitive, subtle, and versatile instrument—capable of every effect it is called upon to manage. Whether it be the purely descriptive necessity of recording the river's mystery, or the notation of psychological states so minute and transitory as the effect on a boy of ghosts crying in the wind, or the fixation of individuality in dialogue, or the charged finality that may be typified by the King's "Hain't we got all the fools in town on our side? And ain't that a big enough majority in any town?"—the prose fulfils its obligation with the casual competence of genius. The fiction of Mark Twain had brought many innovations to the national literature—themes, lives, and interests of the greatest originality. This superb adaptation of vernacular to the purposes of art is another innovation, one which has only in the last few years begun to have a dim and crude but still perceptible fruition.

A tradition almost as old as prose narrative joins to the novel another tributary of world literature when a purely American wandering brings two further creatures of twilight to the raft. The Duke of Bilgewater and the Lost Dauphin were born of Mark's inexhaustible delight in worthlessness, but are many-sided. Pretension of nobility is one of his commonest themes, here wrought into pure comedy. The Duke is akin to characters in the other books; the King embodies a legend widespread and unimaginably glorious on the frontier. The ambiguity surrounding the death of Louis XVII gave to history riots, dynasties, and social comedies that still absorb much reverence in Florence and Paris. It gave mythology a superb legend, which at once accommodated itself to American belief. Up the river from New Orleans, one of the most pious repositories of allegiance, stories of the dethroned Bourbon gratified believers during three generations. The legend must have entertained Mark's boyhood, but the circumstances of his Dauphin suggest that he more enjoyed the appearance of Eleazar Williams, who became an international celebrity in 1853. The whole course of his life probably gave him no more satisfying exhibition of the race's folly than the discovery of a Bourbon king in the

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MARK TWAIN WHOSE USUAL PRACTICE WAS TO DO HIS WRITING IN BED.
From "Drawn from Life," by S. J. Woolf (Whittlesey House).

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person of this Mohawk half-breed turned Christian and missionary, who had systematically defrauded his church and his people. The story is one of the occasional ecstasies with which history rewards the patient mind.

The two rogues are formed from the nation's scum. They are products of chance and opportunity, drifters down rivers and across the countryside in the service of themselves. The Duke has sold medicines, among them a preparation to remove tartar from the teeth; he has acted tragedy and can sling a lecture sometimes; he can teach singing-geography school or take a turn at mesmerism or phrenology when there's a chance. The King can tell fortunes and can cure cancer or paralysis by the laying on of hands; but preaching, missionarying, and the temperance revival are his best lines. American universals meet here; once more, this is a whole history, and into these drifters is poured an enormous store of the nation's experience. They have begotten hordes of successors since 1885, but none that joins their immortality. They belong with Colonel Sellers: they are the pure stuff of comedy. Their destiny is guile: to collect the tax which freedom and wit levy on respectability. Their voyage is down a river deep in the American continent; they are born of a purely American scene. Yet the river becomes one of the world's roads, and these disreputables join, of right, a select fellowship. They are Diana's foresters: the brotherhood that receives them, approving their passage, is immortal in the assenting dreams of literature. Such freed spirits as Panurge, Falstaff, Gil Blas, and the Abbé Coignard are of that fellowship; no Americans except the Duke and the Dauphin have joined it. None seems likely to.

Yet the fabric on which all this richness is embroidered is the journey of Tom and Jim down the Mississippi on the June rise. There, finally, the book's glamour resides. To discuss that glamour would be futile. In a sense, Huck speaks to the national shrewdness, facing adequately what he meets, succeeding by means of native intelligence whose roots are ours—and ours only. In a sense, he exists for a delight or wonder inseparable from the American race. This passage down the flooded river, through pageantry and spectacle, amidst an infinite variety of life, something of surprise or gratification surely to be met with each new incident—it is the heritage of a nation not unjustly symbolized by the river's flow. Huck sleeping under the stars or wakefully drifting through an immensity dotted only by far lights or scurrying to a cave while the forest bends under a cloudburst satisfies blind gropings of the mind. The margin widens to obscurity. Beyond awareness, a need for freedom, an insatiable hunger for its use, finds in him a kind of satisfaction. At the margin, too, the endless flow speaks for something quite as immediate. It is movement, not quiet. By day or darkness the current is unceasing; its rhythm, at the obscure margin, speaks affirmatively. For life is movement—a down-river voyage amidst strangeness.

Go warily in that obscurity. One does not care to leave Huck in the twilight at such a threshold, among the dim shapes about which no one can speak with authority. Unquestionably something of him is resident there—with something of Tom, the disreputables, Colonel Sellers and some others. But first he is a shrewd boy who takes a raft down the Mississippi, through a world incomparably alive. With him goes a fulness made and shaped wholly of America. It is only because the world he passes through is real and only because it is American that his journey escapes into universals and is immortal. His book is American life formed into great fiction.

First editions of "Don Quixote" are now so rare in Spain, says *John o' London's Weekly*, that the nation's copy has been placed for safety in a vault in the Bank of Spain.

Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" has been filmed—and modernized. Becky Sharp is a handsome "gold-digger," and Rawdon Crawley has become a "crook"!

In Memorian

THE WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON. Edited by JOHN C. FITZPATRICK. Washington: The Government Printing Office. 1932.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

LONG after the oratory and the popular pageants of the Washington Bicentennial have sunk into oblivion, John C. Fitzpatrick's edition of the "Writings of Washington" will stand as a noble monument to the greatest of our national heroes, and to the piety of this not altogether pious generation. Mr. Fitzpatrick has not only the widest knowledge of the Washington manuscripts of any man living but is possessed of a critical mind untinged alike by the sterile hero worship of the nineteenth century and the shallow sophistication of recent decades. The Bicentennial edition aims

A (FICTITIOUS) PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON BY W. TAYLOR
Reproduced from a pamphlet of the New York Public Library.

to be "definitive" in the sense of including "*all* of [Washington's] essential writings," and within the limits of human fallibility it achieves its purpose.

Of previous editors one has been rather unduly censured and ridiculed, the other treated with a respect perhaps undeserved. A hundred years ago, Jared Sparks saw fit to correct Washington's spelling and grammar and to sink without trace not only passages which he thought redundant or otherwise negligible, but also many a stroke of racy human nature essential to a virile and vital portrait of the man and the hero. Scarcely less than Parson Weems, he is responsible for the plaster-of-Paris idol of nineteenth century worship. Yet otherwise he was a scholar of vast industry and acumen, and even yet his footnotes may be profitably consulted. Instead of twelve volumes, Worthington C. Ford gave us fourteen; and by eliminating many of Sparks's twenty-five hundred documents he added some five hundred to the total. His edition purported to have restored the true text, and in some measure did so. But in many instances he reprinted the Sparks text verbatim and nowhere indicated the omission of sentences and even of paragraphs. Incidentally, he frequently took over Sparks's footnotes without credit, adding little of his own.

As to the lapses of his predecessors, Mr. Fitzpatrick is discreetly reticent, but he spares no pains to correct them. As against the three or four thousand documents published by Sparks and Ford, there are in existence some eight to ten thousand. Many of these enrich the Bicentennial pages—how many may not be said until the edition, of which five volumes are now available, is complete. Of the many diaries there are only the briefest excerpts, but the omission is explained and warranted by the fact that Mr. Fitzpatrick recently published a characteristically scholarly edition of them in four volumes. The most notable additions are from the several volumes of General Orders issued by Washington as military commander, not only during the Revolution but when in command on the Virginia frontier during the French and Indian War. Hitherto, only brief passages from these have appeared in print, nor does it appear that they have been extensively consulted by biographers and historians, though often of the most vital import.

Editors of the Revolutionary Fathers, with two notable exceptions, have been painfully remiss in not recording the origin, nature, and present whereabouts of documents published—the exceptions being C. F. Adams's "John Adams" and Gaillard Hunt's "Madison." Mr. Fitzpatrick has given us an extended Introductory Note on this vital subject and much information in detail on subsequent pages. Not infrequently, however, one is left in doubt. In 1752, when Washington was twenty, his brother Lawrence was dying, and he probably knew that he was to inherit Mount Vernon. Two months before Lawrence's death he wrote to William Fauntleroy asking the hand in marriage of his granddaughter, "Miss Betsy," aged fifteen, and proposing to "wait on" her in hope of "the revocation of the former cruel sentence." Notwithstanding many assertions to the contrary, it was the only such proposal he is known to have made with the exception of that to Martha Custis, and both seem not unconnected with the need of a wifely housekeeper. Mr. Fitzpatrick states that his text is taken "from Paul Leicester Ford's 'True George Washington.'" But it had already appeared in Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Writings"—where there is, of course, no record of its provenience.

Similarly disappointing is the presentation of Washington's "corrispondence" with Sally Fairfax, the young wife of his best friend and nearest neighbor and the only woman for whom we know that he expressed passionate love. In the blank pages at the end of his diary for 1748 is a cryptic jotting, perhaps written a year or two later, in which he professes to "adore" one "S. Young M. A. his W." Widely various interpretations have been put on this. Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, who stresses young Washington's (and Sally Fairfax's) interest in the Stoics, is for interpreting it as, "Sally, young Marcus Aurelius his Wife." While including much matter of less biographic interest, Mr. Fitzpatrick omits this jotting as not "essential"—and as too much a subject of controversy! Nor is he more meticulous as regards the letters addressed to Sally, though they also are of prime biographic import. That Mrs. Fairfax held the pasionate young soldier very firmly at bay is evident in every record we have of the affair, and especially in her refusal to exchange letters with him when he is fighting on the frontier. Nor was Washington overbold in writing. Mr. Fitzpatrick prints letters addressed to her in the hope of an answer but omits to note that several of them are marked "never sent."

One letter which has recently come to light appears to have reached Sally, but Mr. Fitzpatrick does not include it. In 1757 Washington came home from the frontier expecting to die of consumption, as Lawrence had done. Sally was at Belvoir, five miles down the Potomac, and her husband had gone for the winter to London. Assuredly the stage was set for what is called romance; but Washington's letter is almost pathetically matter-of-fact and impersonal. His brother John's wife, who kept house at Mount Vernon for the lack of a Mrs. George Washington, was away from home when he arrived, and he had no means of securing the foods which the doctor ordered—"hartshorn jelly," "Hyson tea," and "canary or mountain wine." Of what followed that winter we only know that in the spring he became engaged to Martha Custis, after which we hear no more of the lack of such things as Hyson tea and hartshorn jelly.

Such omissions are doubtless rare—to say how rare would require a labor comparable to Mr. Fitzpatrick's own. Working for years among the manuscripts in the Library of Congress, he has become familiar with the great mass of the original manuscripts; and they have been supplemented by photostat copies of documents in other libraries and private collections, of which he names twenty-one. It is doubtless true, as he says, that the Congressional Library thus put before him ninety-eight per cent of the documents that survive. Too late for inclusion in chronological order, he has received from private owners a considerable number of new letters, among them several to Sally Fairfax. These are to be printed as an appendix to the final volume.

Taking Stock of Life

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD. By J. W. N. SULLIVAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY TRACY

IT was characteristic of J. W. N. Sullivan that he would not commit what he had to say in this book to the form of a novel; that he would not even present it as a treatise, although this last form had been projected. Here are his reasons: "The novel form would not accommodate what I had to say"; and as for a treatise, "to present as abstract and general what was, for all I knew, entirely personal" was a tendency to be discouraged, not indulged. Carried out as first projected, "the book promised to be pretty completely dishonest." Also it promised to be another of those too prevalent books "about everything." So no masquerading of the author as omniscient. And no hiding behind a smoke screen described as "the modern consciousness." His real aim

J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

was taking stock of one man's life. His own. He would stick to that.

When any man of purposive mind sets down his experience unemotionally and with perfect candor, the reading of his book will be something of an adventure. When the experience he so records includes music as well as men, mathematics as well as sex, and when the object of the record is to get light—an impartial light—on its significance, the worth of the work is assured. You get more than entertainment, better than information. Such a man deals in ideas. He keeps well above the dismal level of likes and dislikes, bias and boredom—well above the plane of opinion. That is the sort of book this is. Sterile minded folk had better keep away from it. There is nothing in it for them—no hand-me-downs of quotable cleverness to cover some borrower's essential vacuity.

Sullivan is trying to get at the real significance of those experiences, some poignant, some commonplace, which a modern man must undergo. He is not trying to fit them to some preconceived notion of what such experience should mean. And so we miss the persuasive, the plausible picture that most men prefer to make of their lives. Much is left to the reader. But when an experience is supreme and incommunicable, as the first impact of a great expression in music, there is no hesitation about asserting its validity. This world of great music is supreme, and true beyond all logic. It is the supreme meaning. "I have heard, and I know."

"But for the Grace of God" should be kept out of the hands of conventional

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critics. For them to review it is an undeserved misfortune; not for the author—he can weather it—but for the potential reader, who is thereby cheated of important news. Leaving the prevailing path of judicious praise, censure, and comminution, I shall quote clues. Phraseological clues to content seem to me the surest and most confidential informers as to the real nature of a book. They will not prove to be empty rumors. There is something in these pages worth exploring, as the reader may see.

Here they are:

Mr. Sullivan writes of "specific ability" as compared with "intellectual passion." The first is rare, the second common. He compares a "poetry of the emotions" with that of idea. Both are valid, the second is ascendant. But it is the man of science, not the poet, who is "a dweller in dreamland." He writes of differences between men and women—not moot but "absolute." He discusses the "deepest human craving," surprisingly and convincingly, on a notable page. It is the craving for growth. He has a "gospel for the student"; thoughts on the inaccessibility of great literature; on "the process of suggestion called education"; on "music and materialism"; on "slovenly critics"; on "philosophy as vision"; on "sex as casual" and on "sex as mystery"; on "love as heartache"; on "one's personal ranking"; on men "predestined to futility"; on "tricks of fate, monstrous and incredible."

But enough. The book is packed with such clues. But the effect of the book as a whole is not that of a pot-pourri. All that is said deploys from an unfolding experience that is personal, consecutive, and engrossing.

One has to admit that toward the end there is an effect of truncation and of thwarting. That is disappointing, but it is life. Post-war life, especially in England, cuts across the thread of continuity and purpose in all but a very few of those who rank as intellectuals. This, too, has to be faced. Every man who is highly individualized, as Sullivan says, finds less and less in the world for him to do. This is his dilemma so long as he refuses to conform to current tendencies, carry banners, and fall into line. But whether a man conforms or not, such taking stock of himself and such detached appraisal of his own experience is the most important thing a man in middle life can do. When he can do it with as much impersonality and in language as effective as in the example before us, his work wins the interest of men and women who have similar problem-patterns of theirn own to solve.

Sanctions Against War

BOYCOTTS AND PEACE. A Report by the Committee on Economic Sanctions. Nicholas Murray Butler, Chairman. Edited by Evans Clark. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by George Soule

IF anyone wants to know why the members of the League of Nations did not apply a general economic boycott against Japan last winter, and probably never will apply such a a boycott as a substitute for war against any reasonably important nation, he has but to read the research sections of this report. In spite of the injury which such a weapon would inflict on the offender—indeed, one may say, because of this injury—the damage to many of those who seized the economic sword would be equally great.

Here again we are faced with the axiom that trade is a mutual activity. If we punished Japan by depriving her of cotton and refusing to buy her raw silk we should at the same time punish ourselves through our cotton-growing and silk-manufacturing industries. The sacrifice arising from such a policy would be so great that no people would be likely to endure it unless they were angry enough to resort to complete war. The line between a general economic boycott and war is shadowy in every respect. The boycott would be difficult to enforce without military weapons. It would incite the victim to military reprisals. It is itself one of the main arms of modern war, an arm beside which mere guns and tanks are theatrical but insubstantial apparatus like swords and shakos.

There are, as the economists point out, numerous other difficulties connected with this proposal. Those within a nation who would chiefly suffer from its execution would demand indemnity, and thus its cost would embarrass national budgets. No nation could be expected to apply a boycott alone in support of international justice; joint action would be essential. But all nations coöperating would not bear equal burdens. Some, indeed, might be more injured than the outlaw country itself. Could the cost be shared, and if so, on what principle; and how would the payments be made?

All these considerations led the committee of prominent men who considered the subject at the invitation of the Twentieth Century Fund to propose a substitute for Article XVI of the League Covenant. This article is, in the first place, inadequate because the League does not include the United States and Russia—two nations whose coöperation in economic sanctions would be essential. In addition, it is impractical because it is too drastic, requiring the severance of all commercial relations with the offender. That means that it is not likely to be invoked, and therefore that it can have little restraining influence. Besides all this, the article makes almost no distinction between economic boycotts and war itself. Before the boycott is applied, the member nation must admit that the aggressor has committed an act of war against them. Then the League Council recommends military sanctions to be applied by the several members, in addition to the economic sanctions, which are compulsory, once the article is invoked.

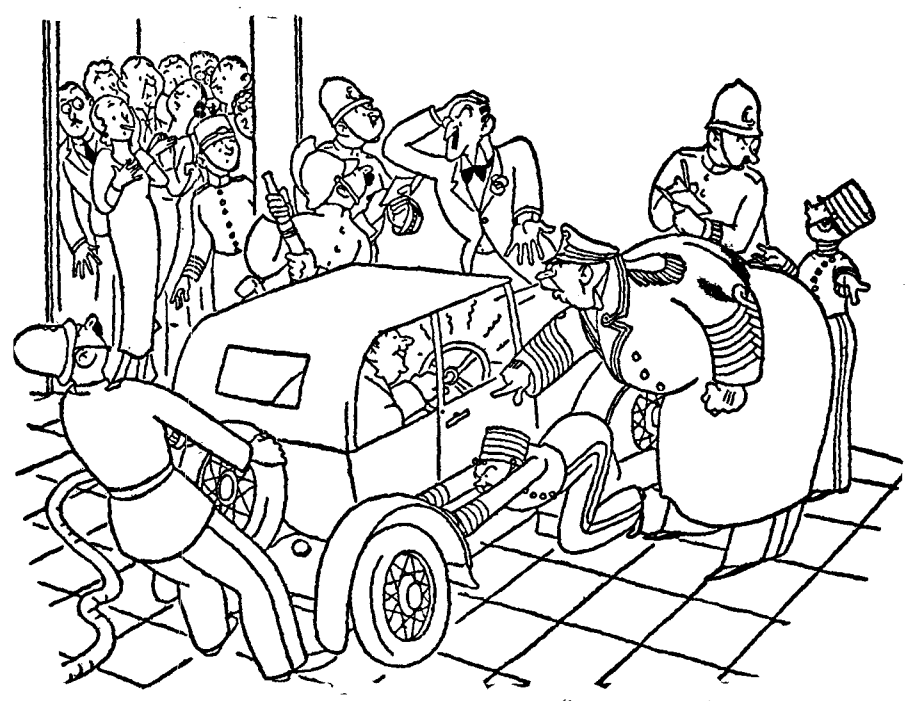
The Committee therefore suggests a new international agreement. It would be based, not on the League Covenant, but on the Kellogg-Briand pact, and would thus include the United States and the Soviet Union. In case of hostilities, actual or threatened, this treaty would make compulsory only consultation to decide what should be done. The agreement would not itself specify what section was to be taken in any case, but the Committee suggests cutting off the supply of arms or munitions and other absolute contraband, and "such further economic sanctions and concerted measures, short of the use of armed force, as may be determined to be appropriate and practical under the circumstances."

This is certainly an improvement over Article XVI. It is, however, by no means perfect as a safeguard against war. Some countries are much better supplied with arms and contraband of their own than others. No one of the great industrial nations need greatly fear a boycott of this kind. Furthermore, there would be, under this agreement, no real certainty that the boycott would be used. It would still be a vague threat, and might be considered by a nation in a belligerent mood as a bluff to be called. Indeed, Professors John B. Whitton and Miroslas Gonsiorowski, arguing for a policy of sanctions in their research report, admit this when they write, "The real importance of such measures consists not in their actual application in a particular case, but rather in the potentiality of an application. . . . (It lies) far more in the prevention of aggression than in the punishment of the aggressor."

All this suggests that if we must rely solely on sanctions to prevent war, we are relying on a weak defense indeed. Furthermore, as Dr. F. G. Tryon points out, over-emphasis on sanctions has its own dangers—it may stimulate the building of munitions industries and lead to conquests and alliances to secure control of essential raw materials.

> People obey the law more through habit than through fear of punishment, and the world is as much in need of more economic bands as of more sanctions. . . . The growing interdependence of the nations does suggest the power of economic sanctions, but its chief significance lies in the thickening crust of the habit of world intercourse.

George Soule is an editor of the New Republic *and was at one time on the editorial staff of the* New York Evening Post. *He has been a special investigator and advisor in industrial affairs. His recently published "A Planned Society" was reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago.*



DRAWING BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS FOR "BIG BUSINESS."

Open-Faced Comedy

BIG BUSINESS. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

EVER since "If Winter Comes" appeared, the name and initials of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson have been associated with serious inquiry into modern life. One may have felt, as so many did, that Mr. Hutchinson probed deeply into these problems or, as many others did, that he merely scratched the recognized surfaces of our discontent. But no one doubted the seriousness of his purpose. And no one will doubt the complete and charming abandonment of such purpose in "Big Business." This latest novel is an open-faced comedy that will produce as many outright chuckles as thoughtful smiles. Its riotous plot only gains in amusing effectiveness through the quiet and conservative manner of its recording.

Every thing hinges upon a fantastic and delightful will. Two brothers, most intriguing scoundrels, are left very nicely situated for life by the death of one of those aunts whose only attractions are their wills. The one drawback is that this pleasant living will be forthcoming just so long as certain seven pug dogs, or progeny of any two of them, are comfortably and happily housed by the brothers. At such times as this loathsome line shall become extinguished the money will revert to the "Pug Weal and Woe Society." After that, for no reason whatever, at the death of either brother, the money returns to the survivor. The frantic effort to keep alive the venomously fat and lethargic, but fearfully perishable, pugs takes up only a few pages of the book because the pugs are gathered to their fathers at a most tremendous rate of speed.

But two such brothers as Saxon and Norman Springe are not to be done out of their birthright by the demise of a mere half dozen asthmatic old canines. One brother must obviously appear to die, so that both may enjoy their unearned increment. Just what degree of death will satisfy the lawyers and the "Pug Weal and Woe Society" is a fine point. Once this is nicely adjusted and plans well under way, that ole debbil Fate steps in and snatches one brother to what appears actual but unprovable death, and Saxon Springe is left without kith or kin, which depresses him not at all, and without fortune, which infuriates him beyond measure.

Which brings Mr. Pringle into the story. Saxon Springe runs across him just at the zero hour. He has left the Hotel Plantagenet without a cent and without his baggage because with only thirty pounds to his name he had spent a few days and had the time of his life at this hostelry that "begins where the Ritz leaves off," and had achieved a reputation for wit among the personnel because in his ignorance at being asked "dry?" when he ordered a Martini he had answered "wet," and, seeing how easy the thing was, he had said "sour" when the clerk inquired if he would have a suite. Mr. Pringle is a character. He embodies all the impossible qualities that are usually dealt out singly to the unfortunate human race. He is of surpassing honesty but so ineffectual against vice, especially after a few club cocktails, that he falls into the most dubious situations of which he makes complete havoc. How much trouble one well intentioned, honest accomplice can make for however accomplished a rascal!

Nothing is so hard as to prove that a book is amusing. There are no arguments to be advanced as in the case of demonstrating a novel's realism, or sentimentality, or even its vice. Quotations cannot be lifted from "Big Business" because the fun comes in the warp and woof of the story, inherent in situation and character. Some of the phraseology might well be recorded, but where to begin? If, however, you remember the very amusing light passages in Mr. Hutchinson's other work, especially those dealing with children and eccentrics, you can guess what a book of almost continuous exuberance of this sort would be. And add to that that it is illustrated, even to the pugs, by Gluyas Williams.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

A GOOD MAN'S LOVE. By E. M. Delafield. *Harpers.*

A story of Victorian girlhood that is ironic, penetrating, and artistic.

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD. By J. W. N. Sullivan. *Knopf.*

The autobiography of a man who looks at life with wise and disarming eyes.

NIGHT FLIGHT. By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. *Century.*

A dramatic and stirring chronicle of pilots who fly the night air mails in South America.

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The "Good" Old Days

A GOOD MAN'S LOVE. By E. M. DELAFIELD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.50. (Book League of America selection.)

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

WE can imagine no better panacea for the regrets of those elders who still shake mournful heads over the latitude assumed by the younger generation than this novel of Miss Delafield's. If they still incline to consider the manners and customs of the Victorian age better than those of the present, let them read this book and forever after hold their peace. For here, rapiered through by a delicate irony, in this story of Monica Ingram from the day of her introduction into society to the moment of her grateful surcease from anxiety as she turned a bride from the altar, is the epitome of Victorian maidenhood.

Poor Monica! Fortunate Monica, her

D. PARROT

E. M. DELAFIELD.

friends would have said, who, endowed with a fair amount of beauty, was ushered into a world well cushioned with affluence and social position, and for whom from babyhood on the stage had been set to give her every advantage in the marriage mart. Hapless Monica, around whom the webs of convention were spun from the day of her birth, whose one intoxicating taste of love and fluttering attempt at freedom was slain by the tabus of society and the insincerities of a philanderer, and who, after several seasons had left her unengaged, honestly thought that marriage with a dull, elderly man meant happiness since it meant escape from the stigma of spinsterhood. Around the person of Monica Miss Delafield recreates a period and a philosophy of society with a skill that gives her story the very accent of life.

Hers is a lovely book, penetrating, incisive, and keen. Its art is admirable, and in nothing more than that out of the slight incidents of a conventional life and out of the commonplaces of intercourse and dialogue Miss Delafield has caught the poignance of a situation that could so easily have been made to appear merely quaint or abhorrent. Monica, gentle and docile, accepting the rightness of the system which constrained her to bend every act and indeed every intention toward the great goal of marriage, her mother, with a "little horde of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart," her friends, brought up like herself to look upon every man who crossed their paths as "of use" only if he were an eligible *parti*, the men themselves with their amiable politeness and their fear of the unpopular girl, these are people who live and breathe, invoke our pity, raise our ire, and always hold our interest. The past springs to life again from the page as an age only a few decades from our own knew it, but in a perspective which shows its trammels, its absurdities, its cruelties indeed, as it itself could never have seen them. It is given to few of our modern novelists to write at once so caustically and so gently as Miss Delafield, to produce an art that so successfully conceals its art as to leave behind only a flavor of reality.

We wholeheartedly recommend this book. Persons who look to a novel to furnish entertainment through lavish and dramatic incident, or rapid-fire conversation, will not like it. Persons who want their fiction to carry a high emotional charge or to move on the plane of the sensational in sex relations will not like it. Readers who want to be diverted by persiflage and edified by comic byplay will find it dull. But all those others who turn to their fiction for a reflection of and commentary on the commonplace, pathetic, exciting business that is living, and who exult in the artistry that can make the normal as enthralling as the unusual, will delight in it. And if they don't, they should.

French Gold

SAINT SATURNIN. By JEAN SCHLUMBERGER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1932. $2.50.

NIGHT FLIGHT. By ANTOINE DE ST.-EXUPERY. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $1.75.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

SUCCESS is a delightful thing when it crowns actual deserving, a great talent, or arduous labor. When "Saint Saturnin" appeared in France it received practically universal acclaim from the critics, and the authors rejoiced over it. For, though the public in general ignored Jean Schlumberger almost completely, the writing fraternity had long been following his work and had some time ago made their estimate of it.

Schlumberger is not a young man; he is over fifty. He comes of an old and numerous Protestant family, a family of Alsatian manufacturers, cultured and substantial. On the maternal side he is descended from Guizot, the French minister and historian, and the estate which is described in "Saint Saturnin" is that of the Guizot family. With André Gide and Gaston Gallimard, Schlumberger founded before the war *La Nouvelle Revue Française* which was to become for thirty years the center and asylum of all the new literature. Not Gide alone, but Claudel and Valéry as well found in it a field for their writing. It was there that Schlumberger himself published his first novels: "Un Homme Heureux," "Le Lion Devenu Vieux," "Les Veux de Dix-Huit Ans."

"Un Homme Heureux" is a chronicle which has for background a great family industry and which is the story of a man who in material things is successful, who is rich, powerful, and apparently happy, but who spiritually is suffocated and dreams of fleeing from his good fortune. "Le Lion Devenu Vieux" recounts the last days of Cardinal de Retz; it, like the later "Saint Saturnin," is a portrayal of the tragedy of old age. These books will repel a certain type of reader by the soberness of their manner and the unyielding daring of their thinking. On the whole, however, such readers are few.

"Saint Saturnin," on the other hand, from the moment that it began to appear serially, was pronounced a great French novel. Its plot is simple. On the estate of Saint Saturnin lives a family by the name of Colombe, an upper middle-class Protestant family; its head, William Colombe, has been a model of force, intelligence, and virtue. Now he is old; one of his sons, Louis, has succeeded to the management of his business; the other, Nicholas, is the administrator of the farm. The novel opens with an admirable scene—the death of the mother, Mme. William Colombe.

During her lifetime she had appeared a commonplace woman, a mere shadow of her husband. Since her death she has grown in the recollection of her children to what she had actually been, the motive power and the balance wheel of the family. Already as she lay at the point of death, the weakness of her husband, when no longer sustained by her, began to reveal itself. He had been austere and strong, to be sure, but this very austerity had stored up in him a secret and dangerous caution. On the very day of his wife's burial he began an intrigue with a cousin of doubtful reputation. He felt as though he had reconquered his liberty. His children, respectful at first and unable to believe in his decline, became dismayed as they saw him drift gradually into a sort of senile dementia. The vanity of the weak made him an easy prey of flatterers. An impotent sensuality led him to pay court to every woman he met. Before long he was at the mercy of the heirs of the estate. Saint Saturnin itself, the beloved farm, finally was in danger. Despite themselves, the sons of the great William Colombe came to treat him as one demented. Louis, the eldest son, who resembled him, fearing that old age might reduce him to the same state as his father, drew up for use in his own case a set of instructions against the time when he should be sixty, and begged his brother Nicholas to warn him if some day he too lost command of himself. Saint Saturnin, in the end, is saved, and the old man, cared for by his children, lives on there at the point of death.

It can be seen that here is a drama somewhat similar to that depicted by Balzac when he painted the decline of Baron Hulot in "Cousine Bette." That, however, is the only point of resemblance in the books. Schlumberger is a less romantic painter than Balzac. Rather, his portrayal of family life recalls the unaffected grandeur of Tolstoy. He is profoundly penetrated by a sense of the poetry of insignificant things: a conversation between two children about death, a village burial, the footsteps of a dead man discernible, still fresh, on the damp earth of the park.

What is original in the technique of "Saint Saturnin" is that it is almost as much an epic poem as it is a novel. Like a poem, it is divided into four cantos: Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Beautiful descriptive passages lend lustre to the narrative. The meditations of the charac-

JEAN SCHLUMBERGER.

ters (like lyric monologues) break into it and illuminate it. We are far removed from the objective and continuous recital of a Flaubert. Indeed, the loveliness of the pictures now and then brings Proust to mind. But Schlumberger's method is not that of Proust. The one which he has devised has resulted in the creation of an epic romance which is new in French literature and which, I think, will last.

The Book-of-the-Month Club has made "Saint Saturnin" one of its two selections for this month, the other being also a French book, "Vol-de-Nuit," by Saint-Exupéry, translated into English as "Night Flight." That, too, is a happy choice. It is the narrative of a youth who is a mechanic. The author, a young man of force and reticence, is an air pilot who for a long time flew on the air routes in Morocco and Dakar and later in South America. It is these last which he describes in "Night Flight." The book, for which Gide has written an introduction, stands out by reason of the quality of its style, the beauty of the passages in which flight is described better than it ever has been before, but more especially because of the emotions of the men of heroic mold who are portrayed without magniloquence, but superb in the modern courage —that is sprung of self-control. For the courage of the man of today is not that of the martyr, supported by his faith, nor is it the courage of the soldier, sustained by his love of country. It is the courage of the contemptuous and almost desperate man of action, whose work must be done. If in doing it he must die, well, so much the worse for him. There are points in common between Saint Exupéry's aviators and Hemingway's toreadors.

Portrait of Men as Flyers

NIGHT FLIGHT. By ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY. Translated by STUART GILBERT. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $1.75.

Reviewed by FRANK ERNEST HILL

"NIGHT FLIGHT" is more an interpretative transcription than a novel. The author, himself a seasoned flyer, has set forth a few revealing hours of experience. Airplanes winging through the night, ground stations in dark colloquy with them, the central depot with its clerks and mechanics and indomitable director —these are the stuff of the story. It comprises flying not as a romance or an arm of battle, but as a working service. As such it penetrates human life. The new, exhilarating, and at times terrible relationship which results is what M. De Saint-Exupéry tries to reveal in this brief book.

André Gide, in his preface to this winner of the *Prix Femina*, justly fixes upon Rivière the director as the motivating character of the book. Rivière is in fact the hero, though we see him mostly sitting in his office or walking about the station. From the chief airport at Buenos Aires he is controlling a flying service covering southern South America and reaching out to Europe. Night flying is in his opinion necessary to the success of this service, but it is a new thing and there is opposition to it. Rivière's task is not to risk his life, but to discipline his mechanics and clerks and inspectors, and the flyers themselves.

He knows that pity is a warm and lovely emotion. He would like at times to practise it. He yields instead only reservations, kindly jeers, caustic humor, reprimand, incitement. "My power sometimes amazes me!" he exclaims of his severity. He has been severe with himself. Always he has put off the pleasures he hoped to experience—"some day." Now the pangs of disease warn him that the end may be in sight at fifty. No matter. He drives on—carrying the others as he carries himself. Around his uncompromising and unobtrusive bravery the "real" heroes seem to wing in severe and exciting circles.

Rivière is a core of soul and action for what is undoubtedly the most brilliant and searching interpretation of man's life in the air which has yet come to us. I say "man's life in the air" advisedly. For M. De Saint-Exupéry has recognized what has been too little perceived—that we shall get no great writing about flying, but only about human beings as we knew them in this activity. His little volume is packed with color and imagination—the quick changes from boudoir to cockpit, the moonwashed clouds, the sheer physical struggle of a pilot with storm and darkness, the human yearning set in contrast. Nor do I know of more masterly handling of beauty and danger in contrast than occurs at times. For example, Fabien's plane, coming from Paraguay, rises for a moment out of the clouds into the moonlight, pilot and radio operator knowing their almost hopeless peril but drinking in the jewelled beauty of the high night, only to share this dialogue:

"Storm covers all interior area. How much gasoline left?'"

"For thirty minutes."

The limitations of "Night Flight" (for one might almost say that in its excellent translation by Mr. Gilbert it has no imperfections) lie in its size. It is finely wrought, but a sketch, or a brief piano solo where perhaps a tremendous symphony might have been achieved. Its peculiar atmosphere of heroism is none the less impressive. M. Gide in his sensitive preface contrasts the more than physical quality of this with the heroism of mere action, and justly. It has, I think, even a greater implication. The intense drive of the theme and the color of picture and episode suggest places to which we may go for nobility and beauty in a world of machines. Here modern life is carved with a kind of sublimity. It seems a new challenge to man, relating him in strange ways to primal things from which he has asserted that science has sundered him: earth, sea, stars, storms, amid which in this volume he plunges audacious, menaced, indomitable, with only a guiding board of lighted dials before him, and frail levers in his hands of flesh.

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Flight into Adventure

LARK ASCENDING. By MAZO DE LA ROCHE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN her "Jalna" trilogy Miss De la Roche showed two distinctive gifts: one for the creation of original characters, and the other for picturesque incident. That Anglo-Canadian family dwelling on the northern shores of Lake Erie—the domineering grandmother of almost incredible age, the battered but racy uncles, and the shooting new generation of self-willed young people—had the breath of life. Their habits, ideas, and adventures possessed a new flavor for novel readers. The clan abides in the memory. One is not sorry that Miss De la Roche has paused in following their adventures, for three novels about one family group are enough for the present. Yet the completeness with which she has broken from her former themes is a little startling. Here we have New England and Sicily, instead of Canada; a brief and rocketlike adventure by four people, instead of the smooth chronicle of a large family; a tangle of Yankee, Indian, Portuguese, and Italian blood-strains, instead of Anglo-Saxons of calm racial pride; and a rapid, glancing style to suit the subject-matter. The book is distinctly lighter than the Jalna novels. Yet it shows a good deal of the old talent for drawing distinctive characters, and for introducing picturesque and unexpected incidents.

At the title indicates, the novel is a story of escape—the escape of a New England woman. All such escape involves a contrast between old environments and new, and Miss De la Roche has painted her contrast in glaring colors: the chill asceticism and caution of a New England fishing town on the one side, the exuberant, passionate life of a Sicilian village on the other. Saltport might be any rocky coastal town in New England, for it is not carefully individualized. Tramontana might be any beautifully situated Sicilian hamlet, with its tourists, its hotel, its villa owned by a penniless family, its peasants and goats. The human being whose escape links the two is the still young and handsome widow of a Rockport baker, who sells her shop and some old books, and uses the proceeds to set out recklessly to see the world. Perhaps her Indian blood helps account for her emotional impulses and her readiness to take chances; but in large part they spring from the restlessness of a long-confined nature, facing imminent middle age and longing for a fling. At any rate, the widow not only ascends with the suddenness of a lark taking flight, but carries along her son, a moody artist lad of nineteen, a sober girl-cousin of about the same age, and the village druggist, a bachelor who has long worshipped her from afar. It is a curious quartette.

Not unnaturally, the emotional widow having her first fling in life is ready to sail her bark close to the rocks; and very naturally, her anxious friends intervene to save her. Just as Fay Palmas rushes from her bakery aboard ship, so she rushes from aboard her liner into the arms of a poverty-stricken boy-count of Tramontana, hardly older than her son. It is a little surprising that the handsome fellow is willing to marry her, but he believes that all Americans have money even if they deny it, and he also is reckless. If the reader can believe in this marriage, he can equally believe in the Contessa setting up in Tramontana an antique-shop—blessed New England expedient!—to support herself, her idle husband, and the villa. But her youthful husband has a taste for gambling and an eye for other women, and despite moderate business success she is soon in such an unhappy plight that the aid of the faithful druggist is indispensable. Meanwhile, complications are added by a young Russian adventuress who, merely for amusement, sets her net for the artist son. The novel does not lack for "scenes." Nor is the town forgotten. Miss De la Roche pictures it in some detail, with the fondness of a writer recalling a first impression of Italy: the religious observances, the holidays, the chattering inhabitants, the files of American, British, and German tourists. There are bits of this description, just as there are many apt bits of characterization, which remind the reader of Howells, and make him wish that Miss De la Roche had been a little more the careful realist and a little less the romantic in this novel. For she has a keenly observant eye.

However, this is an excellent novel of the lighter sort. It lacks the scope, the continual freshness, and the strong plausibility of the Jalna novels. It does not make a little world, as the best parts of that trilogy did; it simply tells an amusing story and reports some interesting foreign scenes. Miss De la Roche doubtless wrote it as a diversion from more arduous labors, and the reader may gladly accept it as a diversion too.

Growth of a Soul

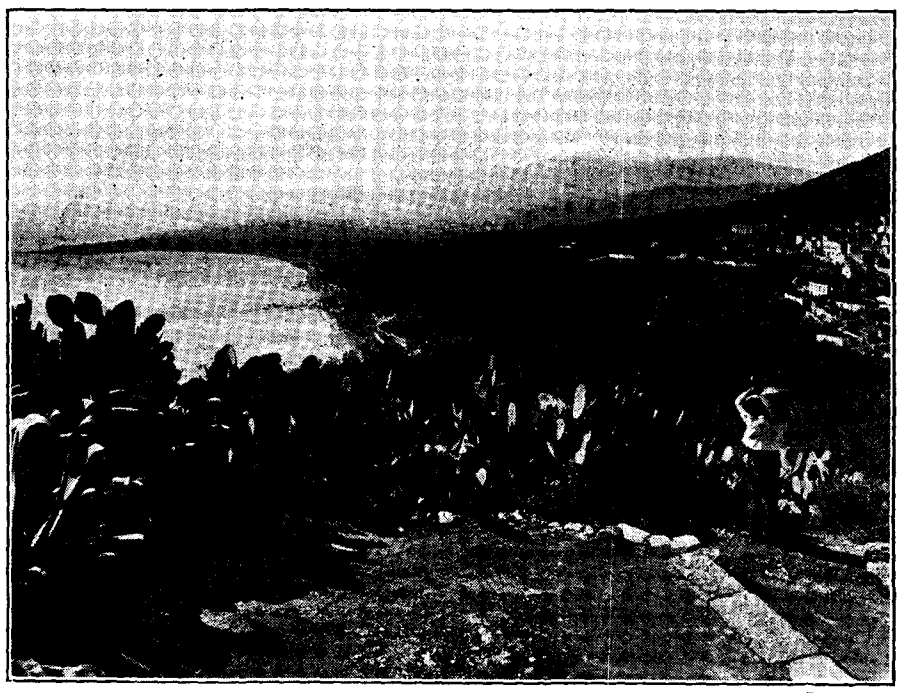
SECRET SENTENCE. By VICKI BAUM. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

THE peculiar gift of Fräulein Baum is her ability to write novels that are extraordinarily good melodramas, and are something more besides. Her books, at their best and most characteristic, have the virtues of the melodrama; they show strong passions producing important actions, they display a ruthlessness in the actors and in the author that is very gratifying to stay-at-homes, and they give one that intense excitement that one can get only from writers who, like the great Dumas, make no promises that everything will come right in the end. More than this, the characterization, which is apt to be the weak point of melodrama, is in Fräulein Baum's books always vivid and certain; her people are perhaps almost too clear, as if seen by sharp stage lighting which destroys the vague penumbra of inconsistencies which exists in life and in the greatest fiction, but they are never flat. And her books display an individual and interesting view of life.

These qualities are to be seen in "Grand Hotel," and in her new novel, "Secret Sentence." The protagonist of this, Joachim Burthe, is at the beginning, just after the war, hardly more than a schoolboy, romantic, hero-worshipping, and unbalanced. He joins a secret society in which there is an older man who, skilfully playing on his best qualities, induces him to kill the minister. After the murder, he begins a flight which lasts for years. The murder is exciting, and the flight is exciting, but the excitement is not the essence of the book. That lies in the development of Joachim's soul, his growth in self-reliance and good sense, his dreadful realization that his self-righteous assassination has been disastrous to Germany, and that he was far from knowing enough to shoulder the responsibility of taking a life, and in his long expiation. The course of his life after the murder is told in a disjointed manner which was appropriate in "Grand Hotel," but is less so in the story of a single figure; nevertheless the separate scenes, of his life as a tramp, as a miner, of his final peace as a peasant, are as well done as they could be.

It is a strong book and a good book, but not a great book; yet it misses greatness so narrowly as to set one speculating on the reason. It seems to me that it may lie in a certain hard shallowness in the underlying philosophy. The Nietzscheanism which was so evident in "Grand Hotel," where the only virtue recognized was fortitude, is apparently modified here, but only apparently; for Burthe's real sin is felt to be not murder but want of commonsense and self-reliance. Under other circumstances, one feels, Fräulein Baum would heartily applaud the assassination of a minister: the basis of Burthe's damnation is that he was a fool not to see that this minister was a valuable public servant, and a fool to be made a catspaw. This moral detachment which one feels in reading Fräulein Baum seems to make it impossible for her to feel that pity for her creatures which is felt even in the most unmerciful of the great writers, in Hardy, for instance, and which seems to be necessary to lift melodrama into tragedy. But this is Fräulein Baum's only grave defect, and there are few women now writing who have so many qualities.



TAORMINA, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF SICILIAN HAMLETS.

The Economic Scene

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN ECONOMIC LIFE. By EDWARD C. KIRKLAND. New York: F. S. Crofts & Co. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. BEARD

THIS is a history of American economic development with government left out of the successive scenes—almost, not quite. As the general editor of the series to which it belongs, Professor Dixon Ryan Fox, says in his foreword, "the author writes of people and not of treasuries. But his subject is, as stated, American Economic Life, and, his limits chosen, he withstands the lures beyond. . . . The art of politics and the science of law have . . . brief mention." Given this scheme, Professor Kirkland divides his field into three parts: (1) the colonial age (the imperial frontier, production in the British colonies, and the domain of colonial commerce); (2) the agricultural era (the agricultural conquest of the West, slavery, decline of foreign commerce, rise of domestic commerce, markets and machines, and the formation of a laboring class), and (3) the industrial state (the railroad age, the industrial state, the farmer in the machine age, the wage earner under competition and monopoly, the revolt against big business, and the industrial nation). Within this framework the author writes vigorously and competently. He displays close acquaintance with the secondary works and often plows a new furrow through the sources. He seldom, if ever, rides smoothly on the surface of things, but cuts his way in a forthright fashion. The catchwords of politics do not delude him; neither do the covering ideologies of the economists. Penetration, discernment, and wit mark every chapter and even an old student of the passing show here brought under review will find his intellectual parts disarranged and stimulated by a reading of its pages. Then to crown it all there is a selective bibliography.

Yet, excellent as is the volume in execution within the pattern chosen, I cannot help thinking that the impression given by it will be, on the whole, unfortunate. It is sometimes said that an author has a right to go his own way and that his work must be judged by his plainly announced purposes. But there is fiction as well as truth in this allegation. The reader of a general treatise is within his prerogatives when he asks an author to be a realist in what he does, to keep his specialty near the center of gravity, and to display a constant and warning awareness of relations while making his emphasis.

Here is a book that deals with "American economic life." It contains no chapter on the American Revolution—the war on land and sea that brought amazing and radical changes in land tenure, finance, the distribution of property and power—changes succinctly described by Professor Jameson in his little book on the social consequences of the American Revolution. It contains no chapter on the formation of the Constitution and the inauguration of the fiscal and commercial policies under the administrations of Washington. Hamilton is here to be sure, but receives only scant attention. It contains no chapter on the Civil War which was at bottom a veritable revolution in the economic life of the United States.

In other words by refusing to write about treasuries and politics Professor Kirkland leaves out of account vital, fundamental, and often conditional factors in the economic life of the country—the theme of his book. He unwittingly lends aid and comfort to those superficial publicists who treat government as "a badge of original sin," a thing incidental to economic life, a negligible feature of civilization. He will protest, of course, that such was far from his intention, but he cannot escape the intellectual consequences of the work he has done. As his pages show here and there, he knows very well that politics and governments are not a kind of froth that comes to the top of economic life, but are of the very substance of that economic life itself, now taking form and color from it and now, especially in critical and revolutionary times, giving shape and direction to it. Yet the general reader and young student to whom the volume is directed cannot fail to receive a one-sided and erroneous impression from the emphasis given in its pages.

It will also confirm certain economists in the fiction that wealth is distributed by "the natural process" of economic life; whereas in truth that is only one phase of the complicated business. Wealth has been distributed by the sword—in the American Revolution and the Civil War—and on numerous occasions by the exercise of governmental power. Professor Kirkland knows this too and speaks of it, but he leaves the reader with the impression that treasuries and politics are the mere trappings of the economic scene.

Nor is he entirely consistent within his own framework. He cannot escape government when he runs into commerce, railways, and agrarian discontents, especially in the later period of American history. He writes competently on the subject. But in truth American economics was just as political and American politics just as economic in the age of the Constitution as in the age of dollar diplomacy and *Machtpolitik*. Professor Kirkland tells us about a representative of the State Department informing exporters that "Mr. Hoover is your advance agent and Mr. Kellogg your attorney;" but does not devote appropriate attention to the projects of the Federalists for forcing American commerce on the world. The China trade is here, to be sure, but not the commercial and naval philosophy of the *Federalist*.

Perhaps I bear down too heavily on one side. If so it is in the interest of the even balance and not through any desire to quarrel with the work of a historian of undoubted talents and wide learning. Such are the issues. Mr. Kirkland's readers must be judge and jury in the case.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XXIX. PEGGY AND JENNY

PEGGY and Jenny at once became loyal and zealous members of what Richard now began to think of as his "organization." It was Minnie who caused him to think of the staff as such. A very un-selfconscious person, it was a long while before he realized that she was gradually creating for him a synthetic personality as The Boss. By erecting about him a scaffolding of imagined power she really made him more powerful. His decisions became more prompt, his confidence more solid. Her intuition about the triangular office was shrewd. In a room of that shape one seemed moving, going somewhere. Sometimes, when he had been away from the office and found the world dangerously big, Minnie saw to her dismay that the scaffolding had collapsed. She was clever at rebuilding it. This could be done best indirectly: letting the busy sounds of the office form a cushion about him, like a diver's pressure chamber. Only orders and encouragements were laid on his desk for first perusal. Complaints, disputes, disappointments, could wait half an hour or so. Under the guise of stenographer she was Secretary of State.

In the morale and good fun of the office Peggy and Jenny had important part. It was their first steady connection; previously they had been sent out on emergency jobs by an employment bureau. Now, taking cue from Minnie, they began to develop a sense of office patriotism. She bought a little toilet cabinet for them; by the time they had filled it with cold cream and curling tools they were perfectly at home. Jenny sat by the toy telephone switchboard as gay as an old lady by the fireside. There is a wonderful feeling of vitality about those telephone boards: their continual buzzing or purring, the winking of lights, plugging of cords (like a furious game of cribbage) and voices coming through from nowhere, keep the operator excited and young. In thirteen years at that board Jenny has rubbed through I don't know how many of those felt seat-pads, but Hubbard says she still looks a mere child. She was a gipsy little creature when she first came. Her waist was so tiny you could almost span it with two big hands—at any rate, Ed Furness believed so, but Jenny had no taste for being handled. She had ripply caramel-colored hair and dark mischief eyes; she wore skirts shorter than anyone else dreamed of in those days; she jingled with earrings, bracelets, and yards of beads. When she looked upward from her low chair through a tilted fringe of charcoal lashes, the caller on Richard Roe Inc. felt he had acquired even more Information than was warranted by the little sign over her head. He had a strange suspicion that he knew what life meant. There was Lou Kaskel, who sold them the artificial onyx used for the pen-holders—Mr. Onyx from the Bronnix he called himself. He was an impudent fellow, accustomed to capitulation. But the offensive and defensive alliance of Jenny and Peggy, who stood together in all moments of stress, was too strong for him. He gazed downward at Jenny with admiration a little too frankly appraising. "Eyebrows, eyes, eyelashes, lips," he said, and allowed his gaze to travel a little farther. "It looks to me as though all the nice things come in pairs." At least two retorts devastating flashed in Jenny's mind, but she was busy on the phone at that moment and could not say them; fortunately, perhaps, for we do not need to quote. But Peggy came to the rescue. "Yes," she piped from her desk in the opposite corner, "and there's feet. Better use 'em, Mr. Roe's waiting for you."

"Tie the bull uptown," Jenny advised him. "There's some things come in fours, like fourflushers."

"Jeeze," she said to Peggy, "it's a good thing we're not womanly women, they'd trample all over us."

Minnie, sometimes overhearing dialogues like this from the adjoining room, recognized the gallantry of young kindred amazons playing a losing game with excellent spirit. A losing game, because even winning it is imperfect consolation. But how thrilling to see these children meeting the old enemy with his own weapons. Only those who have never needed it will sneer at the sharp blade of ribaldry, which can sometimes defend a very tender heart.

Jenny was by instinct agile in self-defense; it took more time for Peggy Whaley to fashion the armor of proof. She was the clown of the office at first; her big blue eyes were wide and troubled when Mr. Kaskel and other humorists said things to scandalize her Flatbush simplicity. She would disappear to the washroom, down on the 10th floor, and weep with misery. Here Minnie would find her, sponge her face and persuade her it was all a joke. Peggy was terribly shocked when the rumor went round that girls from the Follies came to pose for corset ads in the Art Studio on the floor above and some of the models had been seen on the roof of the building. "They say those janes run around up there without a stitch on," she said. This was old stuff to Minnie. "Probably a publicity story got up by the renting agent," she suggested. "He wants to fill up his empty space." But occasionally Peggy, on her way to the washroom with towel and soap and powder-puff, would see some unusually comely creature in the elevator and be thrilled by a mysterious sense of melodrama.

When the weapon of comedy was put into her hand, Peggy's Irish inheritance came to her aid; she soon learned how to use it. But she had Irish melancholy too. She was unhappy at home, and the beginning of her better times was when Minnie invited her to share her own tiny two-room apartment in Greenwich Village. Here Peggy blossomed. Her naiveté was a continual joy to Minnie; although the girl was only ten years younger it was almost like having a child of her own. She taught Peggy to sew, to cook, to smoke, and (very important among women living together) not to rummage other people's underwear when short a chemise of her own. She gave her practice dictation at home and improved her spelling. Peggy developed a strong sense of domesticity: she was never so happy as when cleaning the little apartment to the neatness Minnie approved. Minnie came home one warm evening and found her stripped to the buff and on her knees scrubbing the floor. "I'm so happy," said Peggy. "I wish Flatbush could see you now," Minnie observed. In the old house where they lived they shared a joint bathroom with an actor in the next flat. They rarely saw him, for he was out at night and slept all morning, but he was a source of romantic indignation to Peggy because he always left a dark rim of sediment in the tub. "I suppose he can't help it, it's his make-up," she said. Minnie was more severe. "Nobody, unless he's playing Uncle Tom, needs as much make-up as that."

The two girls worshipped Minnie; Peggy imitated her so faithfully that Minnie had to be careful about uttering her comments on life too candidly for fear Peggy would put them into effect on insufficient provocation. Even Jenny, observing the effective simplicity of Minnie's clothes, reduced her cargo of beads and bangles by several ounces. But Jenny was butterfly, not moth; color and ornament were of the essence. The hopeless adoration of a long succession of office boys was more difficult for her than the brash advances of the Kaskels. After a few months each office boy in turn began to peak, and his usefulness was ended. Sometimes the malady took the form of verse. There was much gayety in the office over a Christmas present left on Jenny's switchboard by a languishing youth. It was accompanied by a poem:

You are my Oriental queen
With midnight eyes and morning hair,
No one that I have ever seen
Is anywhere near so fair,
When you look upward through your lashes
Your lover feels imperative pashes.

All other ladies who control
Telephone boards and switches
Seem totally devoid of soul,
And only bitches.
Your radiant beauty sweet
This office hallows,
Since I can't kiss your hands and feet
I give you these marshmallows.
In short, you certainly are the cats
As sure as my name is

IRVING GRATZ.

The social consolidation of the office was hastened by the episode of the Fire. It was on a Friday afternoon, just about closing time. Jenny Hoerl had what the girls called a Heavy Date for dinner that night; she had been for a long while in the washroom, cold-creaming her face. She thought she heard muffled noises but, absorbed in woman's closest concentration, she paid no heed. Coming out into the hall she found herself in a choking fog of smoke. The cigar-store on the ground floor was on fire; the thick reek of innumerable stogies and perfectos poured up the stairway and open elevator shaft. The office was three flights above; if she tried to get back there she might be overcome on the way. On the downward side of the stairs the smoke was unbearably thick. Everyone on that floor seemed to have got out already. She moistened her towel, wrapped it round her face, and then tried to attract the attention of the elevators. But the hall was dark with fumes, and the cars that went past were crowded as full as they would hold. She shouted, and banged on the grill-work doors, but car after car slid by in the gloom. She was just getting panicky when Minnie with a white towel turban on her head stumbled down the steps.

"Hurry," she said. "This car's coming up for us. I was afraid you might get caught on the stairway."

The fire itself was not serious; mostly smoke; but the appearance on the street of the Follies ladies in fur coats and corsets made it a news event. Jenny felt a little faint as they waited for the firemen to finish.

"That's what you get for being in the washroom all the time," said Minnie.

Jennie, who thought she had behaved rather well, was indignant. "Well, I guess you got a bit rattled yourself," she said. Minnie, through all the excitement, stood with her hands in her muff. "Were you afraid your hands would get cold?"

"Don't fool yourself," said Minnie. "I've got the payroll in there."

As human relations in the office became more intimate, old Mr. Gall grew to consider himself the special adviser of the girls. He was a lonely man, his wife had left him long ago for someone more exciting, his children had grown up. Even his researches in the chemistry of ink sometimes grew tiresome to him. He loved to linger in the office after closing time and talk. A neighboring bootblack came in every day at five o'clock to shine his shoes; that was the signal for Mr. Gall to clean his desk, put a little dust cover on the adding-machine, relight his pipe, and reminisce on the various offices he had known. Minnie learned that he still hankered for the cup of tea of his Dublin days. The girls delighted him by buying him a little spirit-lamp and kettle, and even if she stayed late afterward to clean up her desk, Minnie would contrive to take half an hour off at five for tea and talk with Mr. Gall. Richard also, when he was not in a hurry to get uptown, greatly relished this interlude. Certainly it was more wholesome than gin, which was Mr. Gall's weakness.

Mr. Gall was greatly flattered, even rejuvenated, by the mingled respect and banter with which the girls treated him. In return he offered sound advice. Peggy Whaley particularly he took under his wing, for he saw that her combination of good nature and impulse might make trouble for her. He was not in the least offended by jokes that were played on him. For instance, he had sent out a suit to be cleaned; the salesmen persuaded Peggy to dress up in it while he was out of the office. When he returned he found her giving an excellent representation of himself, leaning back with a pipe in garrulous mood, while Jenny impersonated Berto, the bootblack. This was the occasion when Peggy, after many refusals, had taken her first drink. It was neat gin; and they told her to take down a paper cupful at one swig. At first she coughed in anguish. Then, as she tried afterward to describe to Minnie, strange sensations followed. The coughing turned miraculously to mirth which seemed to have no end. Her cheekbones tingled, a faint flush appeared, warmed and spread downward into the valley of her blouse where it met an urgent glow moving outward from her central areas. Her eyes looked circular and surprised; a small pearly dew broke out on her soft nose and in the roots of her hair. Her spine tickled as though ants were crawling, her feet felt light as wings, her knees deliciously flexible, her fingers moist. Suddenly she was marvellously aware how friendly and comic a place the world is; everything anyone said was deep with exquisite humor, her body was full of blissful harmony. The outlines of buildings grew extra clear and sharp, the Metropolitan chime sounded on her very ear-drum.

"It's six o'clock!" she exclaimed, and exploded with laughter. The idea of it being supposed to be six o'clock suddenly was plain to her, in all its Einsteinian relativities, as the most profound and far-reaching jest the world had ever known. Dressed in Mr. Gall's own clothes, she tottered upon him and implored him to keep it always six o'clock.

She was very penitent afterward and said she deserved to lose her job. Mr. Gall however said it was a valuable experience for her and took occasion to warn her against Lou Kaskel. "If you ever go wrong," he said, "sell it; don't give it away. You won't get any thanks for it anyhow."

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Peking Impressions

JADES AND DRAGONS. By PRINCESS DER LING. Illustrated by BERTHA LUM. New York: The Mohawk Press. 1932. $3.

IN this latest volume from the facile pen of the Princess Der Ling are collected a series of stories and impressions of personalities of Peking, written, so the author assures her readers, simply for fun. Often one has the feeling, however, that her pen is sharpened with innuendo and dipped in bitterness. The subjects run the gamut from the scandal buzzing around various Legations to the self-important Chinese official and his affairs with the ladies, among which is Baby Mine, a traditional favorite in the somewhat conglomerate society of a decade and more ago. They also include the inescapable tourists who know how to solve China's problem at a glance and a satirical chapter on the missionary activities there.

Princess Der Ling writes well, with a clever brilliance, setting her rather shoddy characters against the richest and most colorful background in the world. She has travelled far, both geographically and psychologically, since her first book, "Two Years in the Forbidden City," in which she relates with charming naiveté the story of her period of attendance on the Manchu Empress, Tzu Hai, to whose court she and her sister came fresh from their European education, which was to be crowned with this unique experience. This is one of the most delightful, as well as valuable, books on China today. It is an intimate record of the fateful years before the cataclysm, when China changed her status to a republic.

"Jades and Dragons" is illustrated with colored plates by Bertha Lum, an artist who has lived long in China.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. With an Introduction and Marginal Glosses by EDWARD F. O'DAY. San Francisco: For the Limited Editions Club [New York]. 1931.

Franklin's great human document about himself has been printed many times in many ways, from the "penny dreadful" style up, but its perennial interest justifies another printing; and it is easily a book by a printer to be printed for printers.

The present volume has been done by Mr. John Henry Nash for the Limited Editions Club. He has designed an ample folio book, bound in marbled paper sides, with the title stamped in brown on the shelf back. The type has happily followed Franklin's own preferences, being an eighteen point size of Caslon, a good face though somewhat too widely fitted in this particular version. The glosses are in small italic, and the running heads are in a large size of italic and caps and small caps. The type matter is surrounded by light rule lines, printed in a yellowish-brown ink. The effect of the page is on the whole simple and dignified. The title page and the frontispiece portrait of Franklin are surrounded by a decorative border. Bigelow's Notes are printed in twelve point.

This edition is a handsome volume, carefully set and printed. It may be objected, we think, that the decorations do not quite harmonize with the type (which is true of practically all decoration except printers' flowers, with Caslon), but there can be no question of the skill with which the type has been handled. This would please Franklin. In fact it seems probable that he would be delighted with the volume, and he was an excellent judge of printing. We know of no handsomer edition of this classic.

LAMBERT WICKES, SEA RAIDER AND DIPLOMAT. The Story of a Naval Captain of the Revolution. By WILLIAM BELL CLARK. Yale University Press. 1932.

"The dominant figure in an audacious but neglected phase of American Revolutionary history," says the author in his preface, "was Lambert Wickes, Esquire, of Kent County, Maryland, Commander of the Continental ship *Reprisal*, eleventh in rank on Congress's seniority list, and the most unassuming naval captain of his time. . . . It was Wickes who dared the English seas long months before Jones sailed the *Ranger* in European waters. . . . A whole year before Jones had received an official salute from a French squadron in Quiberon Bay, Wickes had raided shipping in the English Channel and taken a King's packet off Falsmouth. Twelve months before Jones whipped the *Drake* off Carrickfergus Road, Wickes had sailed around Ireland, destroyed and captured eighteen vessels, struck terror in English mercantile vessels, and won his way back to a French port after a desperate flight from a powerful British ship of the line." This is a brief summary of the record of a little known naval hero of the Revolution. His exploits were overshadowed by Paul Jones in the same waters, but where Jones could count on a friendly welcome and aid in any port of France, Wickes operated at a time when France was still neutral, and port officials were not inclined to court trouble by giving him aid and comfort.

An interesting point brought out by the author for the first time is the fact that Wickes was concerned not so much with the spectacular success of a commerce-destroying raid in the English Channel as with the plan of cleverly involving France to the point where Britain would declare war. In this he very nearly succeeded, although it finally took the news of Saratoga to make France an ally. This event for which he had labored the gallant Wickes never lived to see, for his ship went down in a storm, October 1, 1777, off the Newfoundland Banks with every man on board save a nameless cook who was rescued, probably by a French fishing boat.

The book is a piece of thorough and painstaking research in a field of American naval history — the Revolution — which has long needed scholarship of this type. It rests on original sources and is documented in every statement of fact as well as in its quotations. As a biography it is not for the general reader, for it is very detailed, rather weighted with the wealth of its material, but it is an invaluable contribution to its field. It gives a new and vivid picture not only of Wickes, the hero—modest, brave, skilful—but of the mean official insects buzzing about Franklin in Paris: the drunken Tom Morris, the conceited, self-seeking Sam Nicholson, the intriguing Lees, the traitors Hynson and Vanzandt. Indeed, it is a miracle that the American cause in France survived at all in those early years of the Revolution.

Fiction

SOUTH WIND. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. With an Introduction by CARL VAN DOREN. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1932.

Norman Douglas's classic has appeared in several formats, none of them worthy of the story. The present printing, however, has several excellencies and some faults. It is printed in Centaur type, one of the handsomest of modern letters, and the presswork is of high quality, and the paper good. The design is skilfully handled. The type is arranged in two fairly broad columns, a format which has been adopted several times of late. We rather like such a reversion occasionally, but the use of florets in place of paragraph indention is an unnecessary hardship on the reader. One extraordinary feature of the book is the omission of the title-page (its place being taken by a bastard title, with the introduction following on the next verso), which may be condoned in a reprint.

The pictures by Carlotta Petrina are printed in blue as chapter heads and finials to complete the squaring up of each page. Good as they are in technique and as illustrations, one could wish for a bit more definition in the printing—the color is too weak to bring them out effectively.

The binding is in crash, with flat back. As a whole the book is good book-making of a somewhat exotic sort.

FOR THE DELIGHT OF ANTONIO. By BEATRICE CURTIS BROWN. Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $2.

Who has not lived through one of those nightmare dreams in which things meaningless but frightening go on and on like a trap set in motion—the dreamer all the more unable to escape the sequence of events because he does not understand them? The mad, torturing happenings of the first half of this book are such a nightmare to Richard Campion, the gently bred young Englishman of the 1820's who in the first chapter is about to settle himself as a student in a north Italian university. Overcome by admiration of the charming Villa Vareni, whose chatelaine appeals to him for help, and spurred on by a combination of gallantry, esthetic sensibility, and readiness for adventure, he allows himself, instead, to be engaged in a quest involving a search for Antonio, the youthful heir of the villa, who has disappeared with young nationalist rebels. Almost at once Richard is involved in an appearance of guilt followed by relentless pursuit, and a dozen times barely saves his life in a long, exhausting series of flights and escapes.

All this, however, is written not as the adventure story the book's jacket seems to describe, but rather from an almost intellectual approach. Richard's reflective mind continues its processes in spite of every physical disaster and discomfort, and concerns itself with the diverse human beings whom he confronts in his mad course as a fugitive, and the varying backgrounds in which he finds them. Later in the book also, when he is no longer fleeing but has become acquainted with some of the young rebels as they plan their moves against the Austrian yoke, the same point of view is maintained. The pages are full of suggestions of beauty and purpose, and reflective conversations take their turn with the narrative of events, until with Antonio's death in a skirmish, and the villa's defacement, the whole quest is seen to end in futility and only Antonio's exquisite little temple is left as beautiful and inspiring as it was before.

So it is the thoughtful reader who will like this tale, and will find in it much that is unusual. In spots it is indeed a novel of excitement, but this is not its predominant tone; rather is it a novel of thought and of distinction.

TOWARD ROMANCE. By ROLLO W. BROWN. Coward-McCann. 1932. $2.50.

One wishes there were more to say of this novel, for in paragraph and chapter it is winning, true, competent, and satisfying. But as a whole it does not move. The boy with sensitiveness in him that may be genius has had his story told many times, and nearly always the earlier chapters are good, for he makes an excellent foil for his environment. But then the difficulty for the novelist begins. The trouble seems to be that geniuses are not good heroes. We read novels for personalities and for an imagined environment in which they belong, not to learn what happens to congenial crooks or congenital talents. The story grows confused as the double motive of telling a story and explaining a career begins to grow tangled. So here, in the biography of a country lad. It is good, some of the early chapters are more than good, but it moves in two directions, and gradually the reader's interest divides, stretches, and snaps. Mr. Brown has many qualities that his fellow novelists lack, a likable sincerity, a skilful handling of incident, a light and faithful touch upon character; but to judge from this book and "The Firemakers," he has still to grasp the story as a whole.

International

CHINA: THE COLLAPSE OF A CIVILIZATION. By *Nathaniel Peffer*. Day.

THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN. By *Carl Russell Fish, Sir Norman Angell*, and *Charles L. Hussey*. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

WORLD CHAOS. By *William McDougall*. Covici-Friede. $1.25.

Miscellaneous

THE NEWGATE CALENDAR. Putnams. 1932. $2.50.

In these days of Crime Clubs and the thousand and one detective stories on the market it is no cause for wonder that a new edition of that great crime classic, "The Newgate Calendar," with what are presumably the original illustrations, should make its appearance. It is less well known that the subtitle of this famous compendium is "Malefactors' Bloody Register," and the chief crimes listed of which it contains accounts are given as High Treason, Petty Treason, Murder, Piracy, Felony, Thieving, Highway Robberies, Forgery, Rapes, Bigamy, Burglaries, Riots. A strange mélange! Here is the notable Eugene Aram, who inspired that grisly poem of Thomas Hood's. Here are the Seven Smugglers and Renwick Williams stabbing Miss Porter in an especially priceless engraving. Throat-cutting seems to have been a favorite manner of murder in those days, and it seems appropriate that the book is bound in red, as it is certainly full of bloodletting. The new edition is neatly and satisfactorily bound, and an addition to anyone's crime shelf.

ETHICS. By *Nicolai Hartmann*. Macmillan. $3.50.

OUR LADY'S CHOIR. Edited by *William Stanley Braithwaite*. Boston: Bruce Humphries. $2.50.

LIBERATING THE LAY FORCES OF CHRISTIANITY. By *John R. Mott*. Macmillan. $2.

EVOLUTION AND THEOLOGY. By *Ernest C. Messenger*. Macmillan. $2.50.

Travel

MAGIC PORTHOLES. By HELEN FOLLETT. Macmillan. 1932. $3.50.

This is more than just a book of travel. Mrs. Follett's thorough knowledge and love of the sea and ships steeps one in a salty atmosphere that is refreshing and the vistas seen through the portholes, although faithful accounts, seem magic indeed.

The story opens in a New England seaport town where it is the daughter, Barbara, who longs to go to sea and visit islands instead of the proverbial son. And why shouldn't a girl as well as a boy yearn for the romance of the seas that her Grandfathers had sailed for generations? Why shouldn't she, too, love to see "the rippling sails run up the masts" and dream of running free on the open seas? Barbara had already had a taste of seafaring life on a schooner, so when the longing came to go again she could describe graphically the siren call of lapping waves and wind in the topsails when trying to persuade her mother to run away with

(*Continued on page 47*)

Summer Books For Everyone

Captain S. G. S. McNeil's

IN GREAT WATERS

"The salt air of half a century blows through this volume of reminiscences," says *William McFee* of the memoirs of the former captain of the Mauretania. "There are thrills in this human document, and one feels the captain's love of his job on every page."—*Charles Hanson Towne.* Ill., $3.00

Ruth Blodgett's

HOME IS THE SAILOR

"An item for any collector of Americana—a whole village in needlepoint," writes the *N. Y. Post* of this modern novel of an old Maine town. First on the recommended list of the Book-of-the-Month Club. $2.00

Kerry Scott's

THEY FELL IN LOVE

A gay novel about an inevitable falling in and falling out and falling in again of two inevitably charming young people. The setting is New York and Bermuda, the events are fast and furious, and the conversations—they're not only funny—they contain a whole new vocabulary for the young and healthy. Just out, $2.00

May Lamberton Becker's

UNDER TWENTY

21 stories for older girls, selected by Mrs. Becker for their literary value (the authors include Dorothy Canfield, Booth Tarkington, Louisa May Alcott, Katherine Mansfield, Ruth Suckow and others) and for their true-to-life portraits of the teenage girl's life. $3.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue New York

From the journal that kept him sane through the most hideous holocaust since Genghis Khan he drew his powerful novel

ERICH DWINGER

a sergeant of German dragoons at sixteen, was captured by the Russians in 1914. After four years of prison camps he escaped—to fall into the seething cauldron of the White and Red struggle. He was drafted into Koltchak's White army, survived the retreat across Siberia that cost two million lives, and finally reached safety. His overwhelming story of the almost unknown events of the Russian death grapple in the snow, cast in fictional form, is probably unsurpassed in contemporary literature—

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492 pages *$2.75*

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Points of View

Anent "You Publishers"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The pious gratuities of "You Publishers," by Amos White, illustrates the kind of uninformed criticism of publishing which does neither publisher nor reader any particular good—based as this criticism is on grounds which any publisher, conservative or radical, knows to be false. May I not oppose what I consider a few facts of the present publishing situation as they appear to one who works for a publisher but without present or previous connection with the trade department of that company; being perhaps even more than Mr. White, the author, an objective outsider?

The present depressed state of the book trade is part and parcel of the general business depression. It began shortly after the onset of that depression and there is commonsense reason for believing it will end when and if the general depression ends. For it is undeniably true that the margin of readers which makes a book popularly succesful is the margin that regards books as luxury purchases, subject to curtailment in time of depression. The body of readers who buy books of quality, read them, and consider them important to their lives, is relatively small. At present those of them who can, still buy; the rest, mostly by reason of their congenital alienation from modern mercantilism, are the very ones who are hardest up. They go on reading from rental libraries, from cheap reprints, or even from that still considerable body of literature written before 1910 which can be obtained by a little searching of the free libraries!

I consider the sound, solid, but expectantly poised and populous body of readers which Mr. White posits to be largely a romantic fiction. "The unusually fine novel" does not "sell a hundred thousand copies" often enough to make the phenomenon worth his mention. If it does it is usually a topical book (and as such in the class publishers gamble with to the disapproval of Mr. White), like "Main Street," "All Quiet on the Western Front," or "Bad Girl"; or it is of the nostalgic, quietistic sort that, when done by a real artist, often sells very well. Books of this class are "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "Death Comes for the Archbishop" and "Shadows on the Rock."

The third and most typical class of books has a following usually profitable, but only moderately so in most instances. It includes every sort of taste, subject matter, and approach, and indicates admirably the critical eclecticism of the modern mind. It has been exploited so successfully by modern publishers that one may reasonably opine that no decade in publishing history has been so variegated, brilliant, and significant as the last. Typical books of this class (to name only several) are "The Innocent Voyage," "Look Homeward Angel," "Dusty Answer," "A Farewell to Arms," "Bambi," "Orlando," "Queen Victoria," "Elizabeth and Essex."

But there simply does not exist an American market for serious work to equal that of, say, Germany which has absorbed, it is said, the millionth copy of "The Magic Mountain." And the fault, if one considers it such, is the fault of the American level of culture and of that alone.

Mr. White says: "There is fine work being done today—work that, if ever published, will become part of literature, as Hawthorne, Melville, and Henry James . . ." His belief seems to be that it is a matter of doubt if such work could be published, if publishers would accept it and let it come into print. Now that is an utterly absurd doubt. I question if a *single* manuscript in the last ten years having the authentic feel of a masterpiece has been rejected by two American publishers who saw it. Of course it is true, as everyone who has heard publishers' gossip knows, that every publisher has a skeleton or two in his closet, manuscripts that he rejected which afterwards sold widely. In several cases I know it was simply that the publisher rated public discrimination too high! Every publisher I know is eager, not to say overeager, to publish the best. Not once, but a hundred times, if he can afford it (for publishers are incorrigible idealists) will he publish quality books which he knows must appeal to a limited audience and barely pay for themselves—and I can name a hundred such books from one list alone that I know. It is somewhat to the publisher's discredit as a shrewd business man, but it is true. And instead of these books being the veneer of respectability to a worthless inside, they *are* the substance of most publisher's lists and the occasionally meretricious is the exception. This is no surmise; it can be proved. How many intellectually superior and relatively unnoticed books has Mr. Knopf to pay for from one "Shadows on the Rock," or novels of Warwick Deeping? How many copies does he sell to Mr. White's audience of works by Italo Svevo, or Pio Baroja, or Verner von Heidenstam, or Reymont? "Three Essays," by Thomas Mann, which contains undoubtedly one of the most profound disquisitions of modern times had not, the last I knew, been reprinted once.

Even the questionable fringe of books (which Mr. White has magnified into the very fabric) are many of them examples of a commendable spirit of experimentation with new trends and literary liberalisms on the part of editors. Nothing risked; nothing gained. From internal evidence I should surmise that Mr. White's real quarrel is not with publishers but with modernism in literature. It may be significant that the only two contemporary books he comments on are "Shadows on the Rock" and "The Good Earth." Has he read "Boy," by James Hanley and "Ultima Thule," by H. H. Richardson? He should specify his indictment; then it might be clear how limited is his taste in modern literature.

"Beyond a rational doubt the quality of contemporary publishing is such as to paralyze sincerity in the beginning author," he goes on. I can hardly believe my eyes before such a nonsensical statement. Do Parrington and Lewisohn put off the aspirant to criticism of our national letters? Do Keynes, Virginia Woolf, André Gide, Wassermann, Rolvaag, Strachey, Jeans, Gustav Eckstein, Ruth Suckow, Wells, Lippmann, Shaw, Knut Hamsun, Gorki, Cabell, Galsworthy, the brothers Powys, Edna Millay, Naomi Mitchison, Conrad Aiken, and Edwin Arlington Robinson, all contemporaries, do these, except by the high quality of their work perhaps, paralyze a beginning author? Go into the bookstores; look around.

No, it is embarrassment of riches that is more inhibiting in the present situation than the shoddy and meretricious. Never have so many and so brilliant people sat at their desks and wrote. Stella Benson, E. M. Forster, Copard, Somerset Maugham . . . one could go on and on.

I say again there is the lack of a really large, *dependable* public for quality books. I don't believe the book-buying public is denied good books. Nor is it plain to me that publishers could do much more to stimulate production. The author who hasn't the inner compulsion to write with the assurance that exists that his worthwhile work will be published is not worth his salt.

The snarls in the publisher's yarn as they exist in fact may be mentioned briefly:

1. The depression, first, last, and we hope not always.
2. A limited market for the best in most cases.
3. Too many good books appearing simultaneously; powers of absorption are strained. This is added to by the increasing availability of literature translated from foreign languages.
4. Faulty distribution—a technical difficulty bound up with our economic system which no one inside or out the publishing business has been able to dissociate and solve. Some progress has doubtless been made.
5. Too many publishers. Many were led to take up what in good times was a good thing, "a gentleman's trade." It would take an impossible number of profitable books to go around. They have been led to publish many books which should never have seen light not because they are vile or subversive, but because they are dull and undistinguished. The depression has a painful, but salubrious, economy of its own to solve this problem.
6. Cheap reprints of books successful in higher priced editions. This works havoc with current lists for reasons that are obvious. But it works no hardship on the bookbuyer.
7. Imperfect publicizing. This points up the general truth that too many people have come to make a living out of publishing. Many of them are a little cracked. But this over-manned condition is the hard luck of the persons concerned; theirs the cries of anguish mostly in this our grievous pinch. It little affects the books published or their authors and should not concern the reader unless he would become, like Settembrini in "The Magic Mountain," an encyclopedic student of "the sociology of human suffering."

THEODORE PURINTUN.
De Smet, So. Dakota.

Books for High School Age

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I was interested in the two recent articles in the *Saturday Review* on books for high school age, particularly biography. More and more I think that teachers of literature are recognizing the value of biography as a mental stimulus—an inspiration and encouragement to pupils. Let me quote from an article written less than a year ago by Gamaliel Bradford:

> There is no reason why biography should not be made an important feature in the curricula of secondary schools down to the junior high and perhaps even lower. . . . After all, the most important thing in the education of children is to get their minds working, to stimulate their interest. And is there any subject in the world that more arouses the child than the story of men's and women's lives? . . . In short, biography is the autobiography of humanity, and, if so, can there be any study of greater educational value and utility?

May I add to Miss Margaret Soifer's brief list a few biographies that former pupils of mine found particularly appealing?

"May Alcott, a Memoir," by Caroline Ticknor (Little, Brown & Company, $2.55). This is a delightful, touching story with reproductions of pen drawings by May Alcott of rooms she occupied in Paris and other cities abroad between the years 1870 and 1877. The book tells perhaps as much of the sister, Louisa, as it does of May, but that only enhances its joy for girls. Daniel Chester French in a prelude has given a most glowing tribute to May Alcott's art.

"Peary, the Man Who Refused to Fail," by Fitzhugh Green (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $6). My own copy of this book was handed first to a big, rather indolent, boy (he was really growing too fast) with a deep appreciation of good literature. Through its four hundred pages his interest never lagged. He returned it with a shining face, and I'm sure that his spirit was quickened by that of the indomitable explorer. The finger-marked pages later gave proof of the book's popularity with boys.

"The Little Chronicle of Magdalena Bach," by Esther Meynell (Doubleday, Doran & Company, $2). This is a sympathetically written story by the wife of the great Sebastian Bach, giving intimate and loving pictures of their family life and the stories of musical compositions. Girls interested in music found this book fascinating.

"Journal of Katherine Mansfield," edited by J. Middleton Murry (Alfred A. Knopf). Isn't the high school age the age of diaries? And wouldn't this one entry alone appeal to high school girls?—

"Aug. 30. We go to Cornwall tomorrow, I suppose. I've reread my diary. Tell me, Is there a God? I'm old tonight. Ah, I wish I had some one to love me, comfort me, and stop my thinking."

The poignant sincerity of this journal, while perhaps a little too contemplative for some, strikes pupils with its genuineness and sets them to thinking.

"G. Stanley Hall, a Biography of a Mind," by Lorine Pruette (Appleton & Company). The first chapter of this book, "The Boy Climbs a High Hill"—with this significant sentence, "But the boy who went up to that hilltop never came down"—gives, in an unusual manner, a fitting beginning to the life of the eminent psychologist and dynamic teacher. Thoughtful boys, and girls, too, enjoyed this rather deep study of a forceful soul whose life was threatened by disasters and defeats. The first boy to whom I lent my copy returned it with damages by his young brother. He apologized, and of course offered to buy a new copy, saying, "My mother would like to have the book in our home."

While two or three of these books I have listed were high-priced, they can now be purchased for less. I have always found that high school pupils respond to books that are worthwhile, and it is our duty and joy, as teachers, to see that the best in literature is placed in the hands of high school pupils.

Fennimore, Wis. AMY PARKER.

In Patriarchal Fashion

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have just been reading "Human Being" and, as is always the case, I find Mr. Morley's powers of suggestion ultra-cunning. However much he jots down he stirs up much more.

What impressed me beyond the point of keeping silent was his picture of the City. When we learn that this world is built on a dual basis, hills-valleys, black-white, hot-cold, man-woman, life-death, and so on through the infinite series, we will appreciate the profoundest fact of life: Were there no evil there would be no good.

I have just come away from a picture of the Country. It was on the banks of the Opequon Creek where this stream, not lordly but ladylike, detours around the county seat of Berkeley County, Martinsburg, West Virginia. That Governor Harry Byrd and Newton D. Baker were both born there means as little to the natives as the 18,000 population allowed the town by the local C. of C. would mean to a Lothrop Stoddard of civilization. Every human being in the County rises in the morning with the State motto—*Montani semper liberi* on his lips, and retires in the evening chanting *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc,* or some other equally fitting Roman gem, for, believe it or not, Latin was taught in West Virginia when Dutch was still the medium of verbal exchange on Manhattan Island.

The occasion of my being there was the annual Porterfield Reunion. Sixty-five human beings, everyone a Porterfield at heart even if the marriage of daughters has corrupted the name, the seven sons and one daughter of my deceased parents, their children and their grand-children, sixty-five of them came on in nineteen automobiles and sat down to a table with enough food on it to feed the entire House of Representatives.

To seat sixty-five people at one table requires a table one hundred feet long. On this one, which had not been bought short, there were white cloths with silencers under them, food on them, and sixty-five people around them. Every six feet was a high heap of fried chicken, and in between were all the things that you have to go to West Virginia to get in the way of food: Cold ham such as the Republican packing houses know not, butter from cows that never kept late hours, vegetables that grow where men are men and women are content with their gender, jellies, pickles, fruits, cakes baked by in-laws each trying to outdo the other, rolls that mothers made, and other things such as nuts and celophaned cheeses served merely in order that we might not forget what the unfortunate folks in the cities have to eat. Off to one side, too, were great earthen vessels filled with real lemonade and not this slender urban stuff, water melons, and ninety blocks of ice cream.

The dinner, preceded by a baseball game (a real game: the score was 128 to 196 when the game was called on account of exhaustion of the umpire) was held in a parkette rented for the summer by one of the sixty-five Porterfields, blue grass over four acres with a wooded hill behind and the creek wandering along the other side, bordered by glorious old trees the limbs of which have been eaten off and worn down by the cattle of earlier days till they are as even as the trees in Schönbrun Park in Vienna. You looked out under the trees at the hundred sheep in the green pastures on the other side much as you would look under the half-lowered curtain at a performance of Wagner's Ring. And not a citified cynic in the crowd to look upon that lovely wool and pout: "I'll bet it's half cotton!" Oh it is dreadful in view of all this loveliness to think that men sit down and describe country scenes, paltry on every count in comparison with this one, and the urbanized reader reads the description and fancies he has read something.

But the wisdom of this gathering! There was no hate, hence there was pan-wisdom. There were a few finishing school offshoots, five A. B.'s, two A. M.'s, one Ph.D., one M.D., and two subscribers to *The Saturday Review of Literature.* But the greatest number were R. F. D.'s and wisdom? It was there in abundance: Sixty-five, each a human being. Each one knowing so much more than I, including three grandchildren who had joined the ranks since 1931.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed for the summer to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, London, S.W. 3. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

ALREADY letters are coming in—one all the way from California—asking for "more of those letters from London," the inference being that literary London is meant, and all I have to offer, after nearly three weeks in England, is news from hedgerows where dogroses are just sending up rocket-showers of white and pink against hawthorn's bushy green, from fields heavy with the sweet of hay-harvest, and from meadows with now so many skylarks they cannot wait patiently for one another to be quite done with the sky, but must take the air two or three at a time. I am the first American since Theodore Roosevelt to break a London journey long enough to listen to the birds singing in the New Forest—not to speak of a few native wood-notes wild from the parrot at the local pub where, as guests of one of the ship's company, we were properly welcomed to Southampton.

But the Society for the Prevention of Luggage did not truly convene until two days later, when the urbane and eminent typographical expert Beaujon, to whom I am related by marriage, headed me toward the ancient city of Chester—and if you want to know the secret of flawless carefreedom on holiday, set out for two weeks in England with one slender briefbag for two, and keep it slender by mailing back all extras every night. By this unpatented device you need never plan unalterably where you must be at a given time; you can pick up your feet and keep going without having to beat back and retrieve something left till called for. You can go by train or by one of those little local buses that are changing the rural mind of England; or by canal-boat, like the trim "Pride of the Ocean" that runs unbelievably along the upper edge of a hill at Llangollen on the way to Valle Crucis Abbey, quite as charming as Helen Fish of Stokes and Emily Street of Morrow told me it would be. The success of a walking tour depends on knowing by experience that you can easily keep up sixteen miles a day on foot; when you once know that you don't slavishly have to do it. You can ask yourself at the foot of Snowden in a wild, wet Welsh storm, whether there's any point in taking the Pass of Llanberis on the hoof when the local bus will do it on one wheel most of the way, with the white rush of twenty mountain torrents in your eyes and ears. You can set off from Shrewsbury and fall so completely under the spell of Shropshire—and why on earth was the Shropshire Lad so blue?—that you take the long hill roads instead of the short cuts set down on ordnance maps, and find yourself at tea-time at a pub at Cardington so tucked away it is not even in the Blue Guide, though it claims to have one of the oldest licenses in England. In this apparently isolated spot you peacefully play with the cat till the owner of the local Austin gets in from hay harvest and bumps you joyfully twenty miles over the hills to "The Feathers," the handsomest timbered inn in England, all because you have just noticed that Ludlow lies ahead and your aunt came from Ludlow, Vermont. How many times, people tell me, they have sighed at the sight of some name in the Blue Guide. "How wonderful to go there!" Well, we went, that's all. One of us would say "How about Exeter?" and the other reply "Why not?" The inns, chosen on the line of least resistance which means the top line of the Blue Guide, were fine. Like Flora Finching in "Little Dorrit," we found it "only necessary to mention Asparagus and it appeared or to hint at any little delicate thing to drink and it came like magic in a pint bottle"—only ours was always the local bitter and it came proudly, in tankards of an imperial pint. At Bristol the peerless-publisher-and-bookseller Douglas Cleverdon of Charlotte Street took us in and took us on next day to Bath and in the evening to Glastonbury, where just as we had climbed the sheer rise of Glastonbury Tor and looked out over the wide landscape a mist came sweeping in from sea and left us like Noah on Mt. Ararat, all alone but for church bells chiming the hours far below. We entered each town, each cathedral city, as if we were to stay forever, this being one of the secrets of not being rushed, and only when at last we caught up our old trail at Salisbury it was time to telephone to the eastward and see if London were yet standing.

The first time we walked together was toward Stonehenge from Winchester; that was W. H. Hudson country. The second was along the Pilgrim's Way to Canterbury; that, after a season of Drood at Rochester, was "The Canterbury Tales," of course. The next was along the Roman Wall, and we took "Puck of Pook's Hill." This time, the journey belonged to someone else who joined the party along the way. One morning as we set out in the strong summer sun we saw traveling busily along the fringe of a hedgerow a dark, soft little creature, so gentle that we could stroke him for a moment before he prudently took to the tall grass. "Mr. Mole!" we cried—and so it was, out on his travels and perhaps with his housecleaning half done, like his famous ancestor. A little further on, where the road suddenly and inexplicably widened—for all it was going to was the top of a lonely pasture hill—there were broad pavingstones under our feet with chariot ruts still showing clear, and through a gap in the hedge a glimpse of earthworks still keeping Roman right angles under the green rounding of time. So we followed the chariot marks down to a bridge the Romans left and under it there was a sudden silver splash. There was a Water Rat. A wise face with whiskers, swimming away not too rapidly to be polite! A Mole, and a Water Rat, within the same hour! That was enough for two adorers of "The Wind in the Willows"! So we brought bits of it out of grateful memories and promised ourselves to buy a copy of the new edition with E. H. Shepard's pictures (Methuen) so soon as ever we came to a bookshop, and we cheered "us rabbits" as they came crowding into the dusk of that day—and next morning when the maid brought up the *Times* with early tea we read that, the day before, Kenneth Grahame had died.

Douglas Cleverdon sent us our copy of the new edition of "The Wind in the Willows" by mail to London, but for the trip he had a kinder thought. He lent us his own schoolboy copy, soft in the back from much reading and already a bit weather-marked. I do not see how Kenneth Grahame could have been able to get far away from England, however free of a tired, worn body, when in city after city men were taking out their own schoolboy copies and reading to each other, as my daughter read aloud to me each night that week in some ancient inn, the story of "The Wind in the Willows."

Other than that, the trip belonged to one book, Mr. Muirhead's latest triumph, the Blue Guide "Great Britain" (Macmillan). I took it along to see if it really were possible to get England, Scotland, and Wales into pocket-size and featherweight and keep details enough to make it practical for travellers as leisurely and keen-eyed as we. It filled every need; I can tell the editor only one thing more he might have put in: at a village in Herefordshire which appears only as "*Fown-*

(*Continued on page* 48)

An Irresistible First Novel

THREE FEVERS

By

LEO WALMSLEY

"A remarkably fine novel of life among the fishermen on the north coast of England, which captures the freshness and lucidity of Hemingway without being in the least imitative of his style. It's an excellent book, and you'll want to read it," says *The New Yorker*.

284 *pages* $2.50

Alfred A. Knopf

Foreign Literature

Recent German Fiction

VON DREI MILLIONEN DREI. By LEONHARD FRANK. Berlin. S. Fischer. 1932.

DER KETTENTRÄGER. Deutsches Leben um 1930. By RICHARD VON KÜHLMANN. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1932.

DAS RIESENRAD. By HERMYNIA ZUR MÜHLEN. Stuttgart: J. Engelhorns Nachfolger. 1932.

ES IST GENUG. By GEORGE KAISER. Berlin: Transmare Verlag. 1932.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THE unemployment tragedy of the world was waiting for its epic poet, and it has found Leonhard Frank to fill what was certainly lacking in contemporary European literature. His novel bears the title, "Three Out of Three Millions," and so might be thought of as confined to Germany, but the writer takes his three typical members of the workless class—the genuine workless class—as far abroad as Brazil, England, and the South of France, and he is thus able to give a most telling impression of unemployment as a world-wide problem, a human tragedy whose effects are certainly not limited to one nation or one continent. The three out-of-works are a clerk, a tailor, and a factory worker, and so are represented the independent worker, the black-coated wage-earner, and the "proletariat," as it is usually termed. But Herr Frank has no political axe to grind; his three characters are plain, ordinary citizens of the German Republic, and hardship has not driven them into extremes of either Right or Left; the fate that has come upon them is accepted as we might imagine the inhabitants of the villages near Vesuvius accepting a disastrous eruption. After some desultory wandering during which they just manage, by begging and a little pilfering, to keep body and soul together, they one day have a remarkable stroke of fortune—and it may be said that Herr Frank has occasionally strained the probabilities, but on the whole with justification. An eccentric Englishman presents one of them with a banknote for a considerable sum, and in accordance with the pact between them they share this in the purchase of a ticket from Hamburg to Rio de Janeiro. There they find work; one of them also finds death, and the other two love. But the good fortune of the two remaining cannot last. The plight of Europe has led to a heavy reduction in the meat export trade in which they had found jobs, and soon they are on their way home. They pick up a precarious livelihood in Genoa, in Marseilles, but at length this comes to an end, and they must return home, where the three million has become more, where the prospect is even blacker than when they left, but where human kindliness and patient endurance typified by the old keeper of the lodging-house to which they go, are not yet extinct. Herr Frank has written this epic of the workless with admirable humor and restraint; it is a more effective method than rhetoric and passionate denunciation of social conditions.

The well-known German diplomat Herr von Kühlmann has also embodied in fiction an aspect of our own time, but he has gone rather higher in the social scale. His novel represents the fate of the large German landed proprietor, that class of man whose wealth and standing could be compared with reigning royalty, indeed surpassed some of the minor royalties in both respects. At the beautiful and historic castle of Greifenstein are assembled a number of friends; Prince Berthold and his wife Irene are entertaining, and the party includes such types as Nada, the highly aristocratic and beautiful young Russian exile, the liberal-minded French priest, the Abbé Duroc, and the man of big business, Christoph. This country-house party discuss all kinds of questions of art and taste and the changes which our century has seen. Apart from Christoph's tentative love affairs—he had lost his beautiful young wife some years before—the personal element hardly comes into consideration; it is on the study of this milieu that the novelist has concentrated his efforts. Berthold's affairs had gone brilliantly; although, by the loss of German territory, his actual possessions, in Silesia, for example, had been much diminished, he had still retained vast possible sources of wealth, and in the inflation period his industrial enterprises had flourished. But, then, suddenly came the reaction. It is the year 1930 and the suicide of an important financier, and the consequent collapse of a big banking-house, threaten him. There seems to be only one way out, namely, to seek assistance from the Dutch millionaire Margon, the modest genius whose brain had planned and whose finance had made possible such tremendous projects as the draining of the Zuyder Zee and the damming of the Nile. He is a friend of Christoph's, and the latter accordingly goes to Amsterdam to invoke Margon's help for Berthold. But his visit, although it gives the opportunity for an admirably drawn sketch of the all-powerful financier in the intimacy of his home, is in vain. There is no alternative to the liquidation of Berthold's enterprises and the disposal of the family seat of Greifenstein—possibly to some Catholic sisterhood foreseeing the anti-clerical troubles in Spain. It is the end of a dynasty.

Hermynia zur Mühlen, a novelist of Austrian birth and partly Irish, partly French convent upbringing, who has already become known as the translator of important English novels into German, has dwelt on the personal problem; her picture of society is incidental to the portrayal of a young girl suddenly confronted with the ugly facts of life. Marieleine is the daughter of wealthy Austrian parents. She has not seen much of them, for she has been constantly left at a convent of the Sacred Heart abroad, or with one of her two aunts—one pious, the other worldly. Then lung trouble compels her withdrawal from school, and her parents take her to the Riviera. They are both extremely worldly; the father has a mistress, the mother is eventually found in adultery by the girl, whose convent-bred innocence is emphasized again and again until we can hardly believe any girl of fourteen in her social circumstances could have been so naive and so completely sheltered from the unpleasant realities of amoral European smart society. The picture, nevertheless, is an appealing one, and so is the conclusion.

"Es Ist Genug" is the first novel to be published by the well-known expressionist dramatist, whose play "From Morn to Midnight" will be remembered as having first introduced the German expressionist drama to the English-speaking world. But his novel is not a very typical expresionist production. It is the narrative of a man's overmastering love for his wife, Isa, who had died. In despair he thinks of committing suicide in the mountains, and the narrative that follows has all the heightened reality and intensity of a vision as seen by a man before he throws himself into the abyss. Rather than commit suicide he will betake himself to a little coast village—apparently in Italy—and there submerge his personality. He lives with a young man called Aldo, and his sister. Aldo develops a strange manner; he seems to wish to avoid his sister, and eventually he commits suicide, leaving a confession that he had conceived an incestuous love for her and saw no escape from this passion but death. The narrator has a child by her, but it is eventually an old sea-captain—an excellently drawn character—who marries her. Then the narrator goes to a hotel. There, one day, he sees a young woman whose appearance startles him; can it be Isa returned from the dead? He makes her acquaintance, and finds it is his daughter with whom he has fallen in love. He proposes marriage, and eventually this is arranged—with difficulty because he had no papers, and his account of himself is not at all coherent. But at length he makes the great renunciation; he sends her a letter and decides to triumph over both life and death. It has all been written for his five-year-old daughter, but is it dream or reality, or is dream more real than the common day?

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Murder Will Out

By WILLIAM C. WEBER

PERHAPS the most important offering of the moment for the delectation of the murderously minded is the new Putnam one-volume edition of the "Newgate Calendar." It contains one thousand pages of "Murder, Piracy, Burglary, Bigamy, and Highway Robberies," not to mention "rapes and riots" and other "horrid crimes and misdemeanors," all treated with the utmost gravity and decorated with some sixty reproductions of the original etchings—lovely little exercises in horror. Here are Dick Turpin, Jonathan Wild, Eugene Aram, Philip Roche, and many another precious soul—including that gentlemanly victim of the jealous Sarah Priddon, who, on feeling her dagger pierce him, "put his hand to his breast, and said, 'Madam, you have wounded me.'" The volume is priced $2—and richly worth it.

The second Edgar Wallace Omnibus is out—"The Scotland Yard Book of Edgar Wallace" (Crime Club, $2). It contains "The Black" and "The Silver Key," full length novels: and one novelette and nine stories about J. G. Reeder, "The Ringer" and "The Three Just Men." The selections are good and Reeder, The Ringer, and The Black are just as preposterously fascinating as ever.

There is also another Oppenheim Omnibus, "Shudders and Thrills," 1041 pages (Little, Brown, $2.50). It contains "Ghosts of Society," "The Channay Syndicate," "The Amazing Partnership," "The Human Chase," and "The Evil Shepherd"—some of them novels, some connected short stories. Although some of the material seems to "date" at times it is all good Oppenheim—and about three-fifths of it is new to American readers. The actual heft of the book is two and one-half pounds which makes it useful as a doorstop, weight for beach robes on windy days, lethal weapon for hotel-porch bores, etc.

To call one of Earl Derr Bigger's Charlie Chan stories better than another, or the best so far, is sheer lily-gilding. They are all so good that the ordinary adjectives quite fail to fit them. "Keeper of the Keys" (Bobbs-Merrill, $2), just published, simply carries on the now six-fold tradition of excellence. The background is Lake Tahoe, the first victim a famous opera singer, the chief suspects her four ex-husbands and her expected fifth. One husband is murdered before the story is over. Mr. Biggers scatters clues generously all over the landscape but it will be an extra clever reader who picks up the right one. Chan is as urbane as usual, his Chinese proverbs are as pat as ever—and mercifully less frequent—and since in this story he is called upon to circumvent the schemes of one of his own race to obstruct the march of justice the old saying "when Greek meets Greek" is here raised to Celestial heights.

Harlem takes its place in the detective-story sun in "The Conjure Man Dies," by Rudolph Fisher (Covici, Friede, $2). Corpse (a disappearing one, by the way), criminal, suspects, detective-all are of the prevailing Harlem hue, ranging from ebony to high yaller. The murdered man is N'Ogo Frambo, cultured African tribesman who foretells the future in a luxurious apartment above a mortician's emporium. One night he is killed—"his name was N'Ogo, but he went," remarks one of the comedy characters—and Police Detective Dart, aided by Dr. John Archer, sets out on the long trail that leads to a well constructed climax. It is among the best of the current output.

Entry number four in the case book of Ronald Camberwell—"Murder of the Ninth Baronet" (Knopf, $2)—is J. S. Fletcher the story-teller at his best—the story-teller rather than the detective-story writer. The mystery of the murders of Sir John Maxtondale, of his bitter enemy Farmer Robson, of Mother Kitteredge, and finally Sir Stephen Maxtondale, really solves itself. Chaney and Camberwell, perhaps the two most human and ingratiating detectives now decorating fiction, blunder from clue to clue upturning all sorts of odd and interesting evidence but never quite, until the very end, catching up with the killer. It is a tribute to Mr. Fletcher's craft that one reads the story with continued interest in spite of the rather footless efforts of the sleuths. Better one engrossing blunderer than a dozen demnition clever analytico-deductive asses.

"The Man from Scotland Yard," by David Frome (Farrar & Rinehart, $2), is another exploit of the redoubtable Inspector Bull and the mouse-like Mr. Pinkerton, who is afraid of his own shadow but an able sleuth in his own way. It begins with a telegram that leads Scotland Yard to a new dug grave in a suburban back yard where lie the bodies of a cat and two kittens. Then a man is found dead in a vacant house and another in the back room of a money lender's office. The Inspector scents something connecting these events and finally traces the connection. Well written, well planned, and very exciting.

Canon Victor Whitechurch returns to the detective story lists with a tale that shows he has not lost his cunning as a deviser of difficult problems. "Murder at Exbridge" (Dodd, Mead, $2) is in the "step-by-step" class of mysteries; and the pieces of the puzzle are fitted together slowly and with much labor rather than the frequent fictional flight of detective brilliance. Eventually the man who killed the young architect Hatton, while he ate his luncheon in the college rooms of an absent friend, is traced by a shoe-string. Distinctly among the better mysteries.

"Murder by an Aristocrat," by Mignon G. Eberhardt (Crime Club, $2) is a skeleton-in-the-closet affair seen through to its bitter end by the ubiquitous and red-haired Nurse Kate of "While the Patient Slept," "The Patient in Room 18," and other antiseptic mysteries. There is no detective in the book, and the answer to "who killed Bayard Thacher?" finally rests with Nurse Keate, the killer, and the reader. Miss Eberhardt is especially skilful in creating an atmosphere of suspense and horror—as well as making her characters real people, rather than the puppets of too many mystery yarns.

In "The John Riddell Murder Case," there was listed among other things that cluttered up the library where Riddell's corpse was found, "a little bearded man in a turban who walked rapidly out of the wood box, dusting his hands, disappeared up the chimney, and does not appear in our story again." This little bearded man, by the reverse mental English of a hot day, typifies those annoying mysteries in which the crime is committed by someone kept carefully hidden by the author up to page 250 or thereabouts. The story in question is Nancy Barr Mavity's "The Man Who Didn't Mind Hanging" (Crime Club, $2) in which a lot of good writing went to smash—for this reader—on the ancient rock of the Eleventh Hour Criminal. Other readers may not be so finical.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

H. E. Butler has made an anthology of the Odes of Horace (*The Odes of Horace*, Houghton Mifflin, $2) of which he has wisely chosen the best translations wherever he has been able to find them and from whatever period. The little book is therefore essentially an anthology of English poetry in which Horace is adequately reflected. * * * A book of special but rather particular charm and interest is *The Diary of a Scotch Gardener at the French Court at the End of the Eighteenth Century*, by Thomas Blaikie, edited by Francis Birrell (Dutton, $3.50). Blaikie, whose chief interest was naturally in plants, managed to observe on the side many of the notabilities of the end of the old régime and the beginning of the Revolution. * * * Another book and one which will be read with delight by those whose interests move toward the Greeks, is *Greek Byways*, by T. R. Glover of Cambridge University (Macmillan, $2.50). It consists of essays scholarly in their origin but literary in expression, pungent and illuminating, which touch the Classic era in unexpected places. The Greek World in the Time of Cæsar, False Gods, Antiquaries, Curiosities of Natural History, The Wandering Greek, Metallurgy, Diet in History, and the Greek on the Sea—these titles may give a suggestion of the contents. The essay on education is especially to be commended. It contains more meat than many a book. This is Classicism humanized. * * * Visitors to the Museum of the American Indian and to other collection of primitive American art will remember the extraordinary textiles, and especially rugs and tapestries, from Peru. Philip Ainsworth Means has prepared for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, a manual called *A Study of Peruvian Textiles*, with a prefatory history and 91 plates of typical examples, ranging all the way from the pre-European to later tapestries inspired by the rugs of the Orient.

The New Books Travel

(*Continued from page 44*)

her, for Barbara's attitude towards her mother was a very modern one. Had she lived not so very long ago she would have undoubtedly run away to escape parental discipline, but being of today they were accustomed to sharing sports, pleasures, and responsibilities together.

Of course the idea of the West Indies, even though they had to take a steamer on account of the Autumn winds proved irresistible to Barbara's mother, and they sailed third class to Barbados, eventually to ship for Tahiti and the South Seas. Mrs. Follett has not tried to teach history or geography, but through well chosen vignettes has made one feel the languor of the tropics and see vividly the beautiful islands, the blue Carribean, and the riot of color everywhere. Her descriptions of the natives with their childlike customs and their amusing conversations are faithful to the actuality. It is refreshing to find a travel book so filled with life, good spirits, and enthusiasm as well as interest and the numerous woodcut illustrations by Armstrong Perry are unusually well done and add greatly to the enjoyment of the book.

TWENTY-FOUR VAGABOND TALES. By *John Gibbons*. Dutton. $2.

DAYS IN THE PAINTED DESERT. By *Harold S. Colton* and *Frank C. Baxter*. Flagstaff: Museum of Northern Arizona.

A good poem for the Book Trade to paste in its battered hat is this by the British journalist "Ironquill," reprinted lately by the always watchful Marchbanks Press:

WHIST

Hour after hour the cards were fairly shuffled
And fairly dealt, but still I got no hand;
The morning came, and with a mind unruffled
I only said, "I do not understand."
Life is a game of whist, from unseen sources
The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt;
Blind are our efforts to control the forces
That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,
But yet I like the game and want to play;
And through the long, long night will I, unruffled,
Play what I get until the break of day.

PERSONALS

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ATTENTION! Doctor Rosenbach!! Dear Doctor. Your book which describes your unique Faerie Queen, inscribed by Spenser in 1590 to Elizabeth Boyle, states: "Thirty thousand letters I receive every year. Each is read carefully and answered." Why not answer mine? George Frisbee, 2235 Octavia St., St. Francisco.

FIRST SALES made by Sarah Ball Book Stations, Kent, Conn., were *Head Tide*, by Joe Lincoln, *Boston Cooking School Cook Book*, and a religious book from Abingdon Press. New England knows what she wants. Address Sarah Ball, Kent, Conn.

WILLIAM McFEE wagers "Francis Iles," author of *Malice Aforethought* (Harper Sealed Mystery) is really a woman. I dissent. Any inside information gratefully rereived to settle bet. OBSTINATE, c/o *Saturday Review*.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

THE recent death of *James Oppenheim* removes another of the leading poets of America. Perhaps the most forceful book of poems Oppenheim ever put forth was "Songs for The New Age." His was a vigorous and liberated spirit. He also wrote prose fiction well and knew how to handle the short story. Of late years his main interest was the study and practice of psychoanalysis. The quality of Oppenheim's imagination reminded one of the Jewish seers of the Old Testament, even though he was intensely a modern. His youth was full of ardent idealism. He was an inspiring acquaintance, a man thoroughly admirable in his revolt against stale conventions, in his pursuit of beauty and truth, in his independence of spirit. The magazine founded by him and by *Louis Untermeyer, Waldo Frank,* and *Van Wyck Brooks,* during the war, called *The Seven Arts,* was a great attempt doomed to failure in that hectic time. A misprint in an obituary notice says that the magazine "aroused indignity." In fact it revealed the indignity of its financial backing. Its editors were all men of such achievement that indignity could never be associated with them even by the most corrupt minds. In times of peace, when the warped war-mind was not enthroned, *The Seven Arts* might have become a real power in the land. . . .

Well, Oppenheim has gone. He was only fifty. One hoped that he would continue to write his fine eloquent poetry for many years more. In his honor we quote here one of his best-known poems:

THE SLAVE

They set the slave free, striking off his chains. . . .
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,
He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,
He was still bound by fear and superstition,
By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery. . . .
His slavery was not in the chains,
But in himself. . . .

They can only set men free . . .

And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free.

It was a pleasure the other evening to meet *Mrs. Pearl S. Buck,* author of "The Good Earth," at the dinner given her by the John Day Company at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mrs. Buck impressed everyone by her directness, simplicity, and sincerity. She is anything but a "performing" novelist. She spoke as one intelligent person to another. She explained delightfully the attitude of the Chinese toward the novel. They have never regarded novelists as important. The speeches of the two Chinese who welcomed Mrs. Buck were models of felicitous expression. It was an evening of which the Orient might well be proud, an evening in which the speeches were well-reasoned, cogent, and without a touch of the meretricious. Mrs. Buck has considerably added to the essential dignity of letters, without any "stuffed-shirtedness," at a time when not a few writers and publishers act as though they were part of some side-show exhibit. . . .

The Scarborough Players have been presenting several plays made from novels this summer. One was *Sarah Atherton Bridgman's* "Blow, Whistles!" made from the novel which was originally published by Brewer & Warren before the Putnam was added. More recently their presentation of "The Great Fombombo," a comedy by *David Wallace,* introduced a play based upon *T. S. Stribling's* novel, "Fombombo." . . .

After finishing "Murder Won't Out," which will be published by Doubleday, Doran early in the fall, *Russel Crouse* sailed for Iceland, where there hasn't been a murder since 1792. Perhaps Russel chose his territory designedly after so long an immersion in twelve of New York City's most famous unsolved murders from 1799 to the present day! . . .

A. J. Cronin's "Hatter's Castle" has been dramatized by Edward Knoblock. . . .

Of course, so far as New York murders go, *Manuel Komroff* has revived the once famous Jewett-Robinson case in "A New York Tempest" published by Coward-McCann. What the Harry K. Thaw-Stanford White case was to the 1900s, the Jewett-Robinson case was to the 1830s. But Komroff didn't get ahead of Crouse in this respect, as Russel has also treated it. As for Komroff's publishers, they issued a very nice invitation on the fourth birthday of their firm. The drawing on the card showed a grand-looking birthday cake, and, what seemed to us even more interesting, two foaming steins. As we write the party is still ahead of us; but when you read this it will already be a thing of the past, and we shall have been up on Cape Cod out of harm's way while it burst upon the town. The most remarkable thing about it is that Coward-McCann had no ulterior motive in throwing the party and all literary racketeering was barred. Maybe they were merely thirsty!

Alice Boorman Williamson writes us, in part:

> Not long ago I ran across the little book described below and it amused me so much that I thought others might enjoy it . . . I, too, call down blessings upon the head of Cadmus, the Phoenician (s), or whatever it was that invented books. Do you recall the old Altemus editions?

We certainly do recall the old Altemus editions. It seems to us that a whole lot of the books we begged, borrowed, or stole as a boy were Altemus books. But here's Mrs. Williamson's contribution!

MY GRANDFATHER'S RECEIPT BOOK

This slender little olive-green book labeled, "Receipts for Wine Making, etc., etc., says on the first page: "T. & S. Richards, 1856, Our own practical receipts." Most of the entries, however, seem to be in Grandpa's precise English hand, and I feel sure that it was really his book (he was that type of man!). Kindly bear in mind that the time was 1856, when wine-making was considered no sin, and the place, England, where even now home-brewing and distilling carry no stigma.

The wines mentioned in the book are somewhat unusual: rhubarb, grape cuttings, pear (calling for a few cloves!), and hawthorne—using the berries. If T. and S. ever made any other varieties, they are not here recorded. Under existing American law the formulæ for these delectable vintages must remain Grandpa's secret and mine, but it is surely permissible to report the general item that one should "Always Boil the Water. Blood Warm Water is best for most Wine."

I find two perfectly legal beverages listed, which mercifully lull my fears that my hitherto revered ancestors were confirmed wine-bibbers. These "drinkables" are the ginger beer and raspberry vinegar dear to the English heart and palate.

This is Grandpa's method for ginger beer:

"Boil 2 Gallons of Water then pour it on 2½ [lb. presumably] Loaf Sugar 3 oz Ginger bruised 1 Lemon Sliced add ½ oz Cream Tartar ½ oz Carb-Soda when Cold Set with Yeast wisp in the white of one Egg when you Bottle it off. (It will be observed that Grandpa was long on capitals but very short on punctuation. I should like to have seen him deftly "wisping" in the Egg white.) This receipt omits the important detail of the time required for aging—though possibly *aging* is not an appetizing term when used in connection with that wisped Egg white.

The raspberry vinegar is slightly more specific:

"To one Pint of Raspberries add One Pint of Vinegar let it stand for a week or ten days then strain but not preff [pardon—those long s's misled me] press it add one lb of Sugar to every pint of Liquor Boil it till the Scum rises then Skim it and when cold bottle it off it will keep good for any length of time."

Well, we can hardly wait to get to the beach. We have had only two week-end outings this summer—no, three, to be exact. And the city has become to us very like the blackest and dustiest of old cinders. We love to return to Manhattan in the Fall; but along in midsummer, despite the new poor who begin nowadays to praise torrid New York, we acquire an utterly jaundiced view. Salt water is what we want, and what we must have! So hooray for the Sunday afternoon Fall River boat to Yarmouth! . . .

But, unfortunately for you, we shan't be away long. The Substitute Phoenician will have only about one column in which to pinch-hit for us. We hardly dare give her more, because she always does the job so well that we fear for our own livelihood! . . .

THE PHOENICIAN.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page* 46)

hope 7m (from Ross)", there is a Norman bas-relief built into the wall of a church—it used to be in a transept arch—so remarkable it would be worth going miles to see. But think of the richness of a country where a jewel like this has to compete with so many other jewels!

M. *V., Maywood, Ill., asks for several interesting and profitable books on astronomy for a young man who has no knowledge of the subject but wishes to study at his leisure.* It is easier for an outsider to get on terms with the skies than it is to make a beginning in any other branch of natural science save perhaps the study of flowers or birds; the choice of popular handbooks that are also reliable is wider. Everyone seems to like "A Beginner's Star-Book," by Kelvin McKready (Putnam), and Barton's "Guide to the Constellations" (McGraw-Hill); William J. Luyten's "The Pageant of the Stars" (Doubleday, Doran) is a fine, inspiring survey of discoveries and conclusions of modern observatories, by the assistant professor of astronomy at Harvard; "A Field Book of the Stars," by William Tyler Olcott (Putnam), gives the principal facts and may be used by the beginner or a more advanced student as a guide to the skies through small telescopes. The latest school text-book for beginners that I have seen is written in so readable a style and with questions so stimulating that its value is by no means limited to the class-room: this is "Astronomy," by Forest Ray Moulton (Macmillan), which will realize in anyone to whom the subject is at all attractive, the hope expressed in the preface that "the reader will often experience the thrills felt by the original discoverers of the wonders that are described."

A new type of audience has been forming in late years, readers who may not understand much about the telescope but find in the theories and conclusions of celestial mathematics a broadening and deepening of human values. To these the works of Sir James Jeans come with something the aspect of revelation. "The Mysterious Universe" (Macmillan) has been so much in demand that it is now in a dollar edition; his larger popular work, "The Universe Around Us" (Macmillan), has been lately enlarged; his "Eos" is one of the provocative series of small handbooks about the universe as it is and as it may be, the "To-day and To-morrow Series" (Dutton), and his "The Stars in Their Courses" (Macmillan) is a dramatic introduction originally made through wireless talks, for Sir James set England stargazing through the B. B. C.

Even quite young children have their chance at the heavens. "The Stars for Sam," by W. M. Reed (Harcourt, Brace), has photographic and color illustrations and information coming up to today, such as no juvenile would have dreamed of giving small boys ten years ago.

I HOPE the inquirer whom I told last year that there was no literature on fencing in the English language (at least, which I could find) is still reading this department, for I have forgotten his address and "The Art and the Foil," by Count Luigi Barbasetti (Dutton), has just appeared. I am relieved to find it announced as the first work on the subject to appear in the English language. It is a manual of practice, but it is also a history of the art, and on either count a volume, sturdy and well illustrated, that is not only valuable for fencers but worthy to be included in library collections.

H. *C. R., Olive View, Calif.,* asks what edition of the poems of Sappho he should ask his booksellers to buy for him. Until this summer about all there was for the general reader was the little volume representing a life's preoccupation of "Sappho Wharton"; "Sappho: Memoir, Text, Selected Renderings, and Literal Translations," by Henry Thornton Wharton (Brentano), first appearing in 1885. But now we have—in England now and I suppose soon in America—Arthur Weigall's "Sappho of Lesbos: Her Life and Times" (Stokes) which has more about the times than the life, material being less scanty along these lines, but includes also what there is to be found of and about the poems. Also there is "Sappho and Her Influence" by D. M. Robinson (Longmans, Green), a study in literary survivals, and one of the series of Broadway Translations published by Dutton is the "Poems and Fragments: Greek Text with English Translation by C. R. Harries."

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